

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

NOVEMBER 1955 20 CENTS

Chatelaine



**Your Home-and-School
Faces a Crisis**

FOR COLOUR AND COMFORT

WASHABILITY AND WEAR IN FLANNELETTE BLANKETS...

smart women buy Tex-made-3 to 1!



"Bedtime is Tex-made time in most homes," reports Joan Blanchard. "For a Tex-made blanket is treasured elegance to dress a bed in. Cozy-warm yet fluffy-light, with deep, glowing tones or vibrantly colourful stripes, all washable as a pillowslip! And how little they cost—*dream-buys all!*"

Complete enchantment! What radiance the new Tex-made Slumbertone adds to your room! It bathes your bed in a heavenly hue that washing

can't ever fade! 6 rich colours priced to suit your budget! Underneath, cozy Warmsheet flannelette is warm to touch, keeps tiny toes safe from any chill.

Canada's most beloved blanket—Tex-made Ibex. Rare is the home without one, it's so gentle and soft, so warm and wondrously washable. Though it costs little, it will endure for many a winter to come.

Tops for teenagers! The new Alpine Blanket, dashingly striped in a choice of 4 washable colours! And be sure to get Tex-made sheets, bought by more homemakers than any 5 brands combined!



FOR
50
YEARS

MADE RIGHT HERE IN CANADA
CANADA LIVES BETTER...WITH



DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED 1950 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal

Chatelaine Centre



Expert on mental health, Dr. Reva Gerstein relaxes with her two sons.

WITH formulas for practically everything—from laying your own roof to remixing your own personality—flying thick as winter's first snowflakes about our heads, it's no wonder many of us come to believe that if we only follow the recipe laid down by experts, all our troubles will be over.

"Maybe because we live in an age of mechanical gadgets, we keep looking for bright new gimmicks that will solve our human relations problems," says Dr. Reva Gerstein, herself an expert in this field. "But they won't work. There's no easy way out. About all people like myself can do is to suggest a new way of looking at things, help you to understand yourself better. You have to make the real changes, do the real work."

Dr. Gerstein, who starts a new series of articles for us on page 6, *Learn to Live With Yourself*, got her degree in psychology at the University of Toronto after marriage, and had her eldest son in the middle of lecturing there and doing clinical research with children. She is a volunteer consultant for the Canadian Mental Health Association, having been national co-ordinator for the first six years of its life. She is President, National Council of Jewish Women of Canada, for whom she did a study program on geriatrics, or the aging process. She is on the board of the Parents Action League which seeks some solution to the problem of sexual criminals, and is advisor to the Department of National Health and Welfare, to mention only a few of her manifold activities.

She still finds time to enjoy with her two children, Irving, fifteen, and Ira, eight, and her husband, a prominent business executive: travel, sailing, gardening, photography and music.

Why is it that some people manage to make their dreams come true, in contrast to the thousands who don't? Perhaps the life of Elspeth Cochrane, who writes about her dream of going to Holly-

wood coming true on page 14, gives a clue. She was always ready to take a chance, change jobs, residence and countries at the drop of a hat. Miss Cochrane, who is married to Peter Potter, opera director at Covent Garden, held down innumerable jobs in the theatre in both England and Canada, from writing to assistant directing, before her meeting with James Mason at Stratford. Although this is her first published article, her play, *The Catherine Wheel*, was performed in England, and Hollywood is now considering some of her TV scripts. Mrs. Potter, who wanted to be home for Christmas this year, arrived in London in time to see her husband's opening production of the opera *Othello* on October 17.



That old advice "Go west, young man!" can be reversed to "Come east, young woman!" as far as we are concerned. Our two new assistant editors both hail from the western provinces. Jeannine Locke, right, had an unusually important first job, that of writing editorials for the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix. She combined this with writing her master's degree thesis in English at the University of Saskatchewan. She changed location but not jobs to write editorials for the Ottawa Citizen, then became associate director for CARE, Canada, which we persuaded her to

exchange for a writing job with Chatelaine.

Gladys Shenner, left, although born in Saskatoon, varied the pattern by moving to Manitoba, where she graduated from the University of Manitoba, a scholarship student honoring in history and political science. She got the writing itch at university with a part-time job on a daily newspaper, went on to become a staff reporter for the British United Press service, and moved our way via a women editor's job on Liberty.



You've been seeing bits and pieces of Patricia Parkinson for the past four years in our pages, so we think it's time you met all of her. She is the efficient, pleasant and capable executive secretary to the editor. Pat didn't know how to type when she joined our staff as a young graduate from the University of Toronto four years ago. She taught herself typing nights and was secretary in turn to the art department, the Chatelaine Consumers' Council and our managing editor. In the meantime, Chatelaine readers were catching a glimpse of her hands now and then holding a casserole in a food picture for Chatelaine Institute, the back of her head in our feature on the suburbs and her handwriting in fashion sketches. This month, on page 28, she provides an example of how not to dress. Not long ago she met Cary Grant at a reception. Nothing humdrum about her job certainly. ♦

JOHN CLARE, Editor
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*So nice
to come home to!*



Marriages may be made in Heaven but they must be lived on earth. And the more neatly and sweetly we do it, the better. This young bride wouldn't dream of taking a chance that unpleasant breath might wreck her happiness. Naturally, she relies on Listerine Antiseptic.

To Be Safe . . . To Be Sure

You must destroy the germs associated with halitosis (unpleasant breath). Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs on contact. Listerine does what only an antiseptic can do. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end.

You see, the most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of

proteins caused by the germs always present in the mouth. Naturally, as you reduce germs, your breath stays sweeter longer.

**Listerine, A Clinically Proved
Antiseptic and Germicide**

Listerine has been clinically proved to kill odor producing germs on contact. Thus Listerine gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath. So every morning . . . every night, before every date, make it a habit to gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Made in Canada



**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH EFFECTIVELY!**



Vol. 27 No. 11

Once again, Grey Cup football fever takes over Canada — and we'd say it's a lucky team that has our dazzling cover girl to root for it. Photograph by Peter Croydon.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

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YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine



Crazy, Man, Crazy



I certainly do not agree with Fred Philbrick (How to Drive Your Boss Crazy, September). He says women bother their bosses with trifles . . . I know one who knew more about

the work than the boss did and would have had his job only they do not permit women bosses in that office.—*M. C., British Columbia.*

. . . You're absolutely right, Mr. Philbrick. I got so fed up with the attitude you describe that I took a job where I'm on my own, my work timetable is made out by myself, and if I'm still sticking stamps on envelopes at 5:20 p.m. that's fine with me.—*Joan Lingwood, Toronto.*

. . . You have me wondering . . . Do I give an honest day's work for the salary I get (which isn't, dear editors, anywhere near the amounts carried in your article)? I do get to work on time; I do perform each task assigned to me; I hold copy when I am asked; I mail letters that should be mailed . . . What do you think?—*Ellen H. Eff, Tillsonburg, Ont.*

. . . Mr. Philbrick explains that "companies are paying school-girls \$160 or \$170 a month. Some law offices are paying \$250." I would like to know where to find such a heavenly place . . . —*Pete, Sherbrooke, Que.*

. . . Whose fault is it that the girls get away with murder? Who is afraid to fire the few chief offenders because he personally will be inconvenienced? Could it be Mr. Boss?—*An Oldster, Montreal.*

. . . Probably some bosses don't deserve any better. I would like to see a follow-up on How Bosses Drive Secretaries Crazy. (P.S. Better not publish my full name or I will be a dead pigeon around here.)—*Secretary, Peterborough.*

Choose the Right Hairstyle

I should like to know how to style my hair; my face is rather square in shape.—*Mrs. R. B., Saint John.*

You need a hairstyle that will soften your forehead. Lift the front hair and sweep it back from the forehead line, then brush it forward again to fall high up on the brow. Have the back fairly short and tapered, with a slanting wave across the head, and the side hair waved softly over the ears.

Home-and-School Ideas

Our Home-and-School executive are always looking for new ideas on fund raising. Would you have any suggestions?—*Mrs. L. W. Foster, Owen Sound, Ont.*

Yes! Turn to pages 11, 12, 13 of this issue for a complete discussion of Home-and-School in Canada today.

Deep Green is the Accent

What color scheme would you suggest for a bathroom?—*Mrs. Bliss B. Smith, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.*

Use pale, soft green for three walls and a deeper green as the accent color for one wall. For your towels and accessories choose a deep, rosy color.

More letters on next page

Send your comments and your questions to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. All letters must be signed, but, where requested, names will not be published on personal questions.



The passing of "the medicine show"

... a hopeful message about ARTHRITIS

Some of us can remember the colorful "medicine show" of yesteryear . . . and the persuasive, but deceptive, oratory of the self-styled "doctor." The remedies he offered were fantastic, especially his "sure cure" for arthritis . . . or rheumatism as it was always called in those bygone days.

Fortunately, the old-fashioned "medicine man" and his "sure cures" are on the way out. This is because nearly all of us now know the folly of relying on any treatment for arthritis other than those authoritatively approved.

This enlightened attitude is all to the good. For arthritis, if it is to be successfully controlled, must be precisely diagnosed and treated according to the needs of each individual patient.

Even though there are as yet no specific cures, much can be done for the more than 500 thousand people in our country whose cases have been diagnosed as arthritis, in one of its many forms.

For example, *osteoarthritis* or degenerative joint diseases . . . the type associated with aging . . . need not cause severe disability if diagnosed early and if the patient follows the doctor's advice.

Indeed, this kind of arthritis usually responds well to treatment based on rest, weight control, mild exercise and avoidance of both mental and physical factors that may aggravate the disease.

Another common type of arthritis . . . *rheumatoid arthritis* . . . is a more serious disease because it involves not only the joints, but the entire body. Moreover, it is not associated solely with old age. Rather it affects people of all ages, most frequently young persons and adults in their prime.

Fortunately, certain hormone extracts and other medications have brought great benefits to many who have this type of arthritis. It is not yet known, however, how permanent the effects of these treatments will be.

The greatest good to be derived from any method of therapy for any type of arthritis depends not upon the doctor alone, but upon the patient as well. It is of the greatest importance for the patient to cooperate fully with the doctor, especially in regard to continuing treatment for as long as it may be required.

In fact, when rheumatoid arthritis is recognized early and treatment is carried out faithfully, well over 50 percent of those who have this condition can be spared serious disability and will obtain marked improvement.

Metropolitan's booklet, called *Arthritis*, gives a concise, helpful and encouraging account of this disease, including safeguards against it. Just clip the coupon below and a free copy will be mailed to you.

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Proved: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

*Research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.**



Recently, 447 women soaked both their hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Left hands were untreated.



In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened and reddened. Hands treated with Jergens Lotion were soft and smooth. No other lotion tested gave these wonderful results!



Steadily improved for 50 years, Jergens stops cold weather chapping as easily as it stops detergent hands. Never sticky or greasy, it has a luxurious feeling.



Ask for Jergens today. Notice how much thicker and creamier it is—with a lovely, new fragrance. True, it's the world's favorite hand care, but you still pay only 15¢ to \$1.15! Made in Canada

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

**From the report of a leading U. S. research laboratory*

YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine*

CONTINUED

Soap Marks on a Cedar Chest

My young daughter rubbed a bar of soap over the top of my cedar chest. Would you please suggest a way to remove it safely.—Mrs. E. A., Portage La Prairie.

Wipe off the soap with a damp cloth, then right away wipe off the chest with a cloth wrung out of clear, cold water. Polish quickly with a soft cloth. The soap should not harm the finish and water is not injurious to a highly finished piece of wood unless it is allowed to remain on.

Choice Cuts from Chatelaine



The meat chart in the September issue is tops; also the recipes.—Mrs. M. McKee, St. Catharines.

Try Turquoise for a Girl

Have you any suggestions for decorating a seven-year-old girl's room? It is small and has a full-sized dark maple bed and vanity dresser.—Mrs. M., Ontario.

Choose turquoise (which is a color children seem to like) with accents of salmon pink. Paint the walls soft turquoise and use a deeper shade for scatter rugs beside the bed. Have the chenille bedspread in the same soft turquoise as the walls so that the bed doesn't appear too large.

Cover the dressing table in glazed chintz in a pale turquoise and white stripe. Keep it simple, not frilly. The glazed chintz is good because it doesn't collect dust or require as much washing as other fabrics. Use salmon pink on the bedroom chair, small bed cushions, a mirror or picture frame. Lamps should be all white and the draperies should be done in the same fabric as the dressing table.

This Worked Fine for the Twins



Your article about preschool children (Make the Most of their Preschool Years, June) certainly hit the spot with us. We are immigrants from Holland and have not been in Canada very long. We had twin daughters last year and . . . did everything your article tells us is right. Even the gate across their room.—N. H. Eering, Kyle, Sask.

Chatelaine Credits

. . . I must tell you how much I enjoyed The House of Happy Ghosts (August).—Mrs. Margaret M. Worsnop, Toronto.

. . . The letters I have received as a result of your article, New Help For Those Who Will Never Grow Up (August), reveal the need of such excellent publicity to help these burdened parents.—Mrs. G. Holmes, Ont. Association for Retarded Children, Scarborough.

. . . Thank you for printing Dr. Hilliard's wonderful articles. I hope you will have many more. We women need them.—Mrs. P. G. Gordon, Toronto.

. . . One of Dr. Hilliard's articles is worth the whole subscription price for a year.—Mrs. Hulda Carscadden, Whitby, Ont.

. . . If Dr. Hilliard ever decides to forsake Toronto and set up practice in Vancouver, her articles have assured her of a full waiting room.—Mrs. J. Blanchflower, New Westminster. ♦

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Michael Burns (1), Peter Croydon (1, 6, 8, 16, 17, 25, 30, 31, 33, 34), Walter Curtin (1), Paul Rockett (11, 12), Jack Long (12, 13), Allan Richardson (13), McMurdo Studio (13), Miller (14, 79), M-G-M (14), Konig-Globe (14, 15), Rosemary Boxer (28), John Sebert (50).

This 49½¢ Storm Window protects your family all winter!

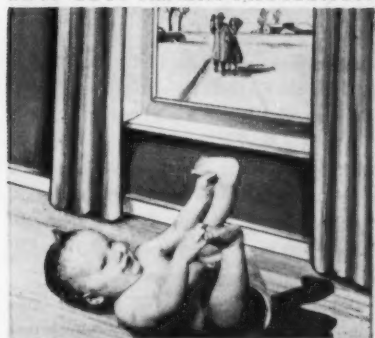
New Trans-Kleer Storm Window Goes on in 5 Minutes Without Tools, Hooks, Screws or Nails

10.8 Sq. Ft. Window Costs only 49½¢

Used by U. S. Army in Iceland and Alaska — Now Available to Public

NOW... Storm Windows need not cost you up to \$14.00 apiece. American industry has developed a lightweight flexible product that enables you to seal out wintry blasts for only 49½¢ a window! Imagine it! For pennies per window you can insulate EVERY ROOM in your home! This new material was developed by the Gary plant of a billion-dollar American manufacturing firm—for use by the U.S. Government during the last war. It looks like glass, yet can't peel off, never chips, shatters or rattles. Actually flexible like rubber. Has a tensile strength of over one ton per square inch. Crystal clear, not milky or yellowish like some plastic materials. Weighs less than 1/10th of the lightest glass windows ever developed. Even a large window comes to less than 8 oz. Not affected by snow, sleet, rain or dampness—because it's 100% waterproof. Won't crack even at 53 degrees BELOW FREEZING! Use and re-use it YEAR AFTER YEAR for winter comfort and protection.

LOW-COST HEALTH PROTECTION



You can hardly see this TRANS-KLEER storm window—it's wonderfully transparent, yet it protects your loved ones from winter's frigid blasts. And each window costs only 49½¢ each!

Sensational Discovery Used By Army To Fight Cold

One of the big problems of the last war was how to defend our troops and protect equipment against the ravages of Arctic winters. One of the world's greatest manufacturing companies was ordered to build a special plant and soon millions of yards of this new material was moving out to Alaska, the Aleutians, Iceland and Greenland. It was not available to the public because every inch went to protect our men, vehicles, planes and weapons. Finally, it was released to the public and ever since the demand has been greater than the supply! The Gary plant of famous REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY is working round-the-clock trying to supply it!

Use Year After Year—No Upkeep Cost!

At winter's end just fold away your Trans-Kleer like cloth for use next year. You can air the room anytime, too—lift the Adheso border to let in fresh air, then press back and it's sealed tight again! Cleans easily with a damp rag. It's no wonder so many home owners, hospitals, churches and public buildings use this tried and tested REYNOLDS product! TRANS-KLEER comes in kits 36 inches by 43½ inches and costs you only \$4.95 complete with Adheso border! That is enough for 10 windows—each measuring 10.8 sq. ft.—just 49½¢ each! In all you receive 108 SQUARE FEET for only \$4.95! Good GLASS storm windows cost from \$7.95 to \$16.00—for ten you'd have to pay \$79 to \$160.00. With

this remarkable REYNOLDS product you not only save a terrific amount in the purchase price, you also cut down enormously on your fuel bills!

Install Trans-Kleer Windows in 5 Minutes

Trans-Kleer storm windows require no nails, hooks, screws or tools. No back-breaking toil or broken glass to contend with. Cut off required amount, trim to fit the inside of your window, large or small, square, round, rectangular—it makes no difference! Then press on the special Adheso border supplied and your storm window is firmly in place. Simple, easy—a child can install them! And Trans-Kleer windows, because of the LOW CONDUCTIVITY development give you real winter protection, actually keep wintry blasts out of your home.

2,000,000 Windows Sold!

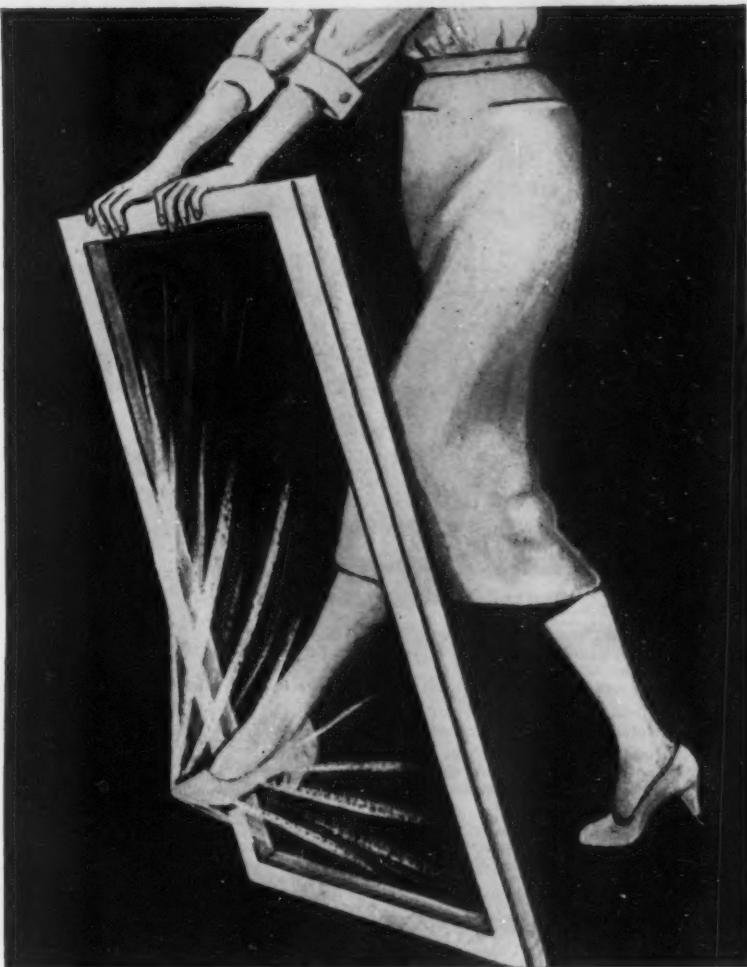
For years, demand for Trans-Kleer has outstripped the supply. Lucky buyers of the first windows told their neighbors and the word spread. Last year alone, over 2,000,000 were sold, yet thousands of folks were disappointed when the supply ran out. Advertising had to be curtailed and our huge supply was exhausted earlier than anticipated. There will be another wild scramble for them this year. Production has been planned for 2,500,000 windows this year—but even this huge total might not be enough unless you act FAST!

Test In Your Home AT OUR RISK!

Here's your chance to get Trans-Kleer on a HOME TRIAL BASIS. You can't lose a single penny. Mail the coupon below and a 36 by 43½-inch kit—108 SQUARE FEET—will be shipped you immediately, complete with Adheso border. Deposit only \$4.95 plus postage with the mailman. Try TWO windows inside any room. Test them—see for yourself how they seal out drafts. Compare the temperature—any 25¢ thermometer will do—compare with any other room in your home. See the difference—feel the difference! Then if you're not convinced they're every bit as effective as any storm window—why, just keep the TWO windows and return the balance and get your \$4.95 back at once!

Avoid Disappointment—Order Now!

Millions of folks in the U. S. and Canada are reading this same ad in hundreds of magazines and newspapers. Despite enormous production facilities, the REYNOLDS ALUMINUM people can turn out so much and no more! Don't wait until it's too late! Play safe! Rush the coupon NOW! If you wish to save postage cost, send check, cash or m. o. for \$4.95 and the windows will be shipped postage free.



STRETCHES WITHOUT BREAKING!

This amazing storm window stretches without breaking! Has tensile strength of over one ton per square inch! Push it with your foot—it stretches—then springs back undamaged! Developed for Armed Forces in last war. Installs quickly, easily inside windows of all sizes. Made by world-famous REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY.



Kleer ends storage, caulking problems, shattered glass, panes to replace, leaks to seal! No hard toil to put on or remove! Put on quick INSIDE regular window with new, improved ADHESO border. Lift Adheso border to let stale air out. Press back and you have perfect sealed-in insulation again! (See picture) Freezing weather is coming. Play safe! Order your TRANS-KLEER windows NOW! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Thorsen Ltd., Dept. 301-M-47, 45 St. James St. W., Montreal, Que.

RUSH FOR FREE HOME TRIAL!

Thorsen Ltd., Dept. 301-M-47, 45 St. James St. W., Montreal, Que.

RUSH... kits of Trans-Kleer measuring 108 sq. ft. each, enough for 10 windows averaging 10.8 sq. ft. each. Include improved Adheso Sealing Border and easy picture instructions at no extra cost. I will try 2 windows and if I'm not satisfied for any reason, I'll return the remainder within one week for FULL REFUND of my money. I will keep the 2 windows free.

- ☐ Payment enclosed. Send Prepaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

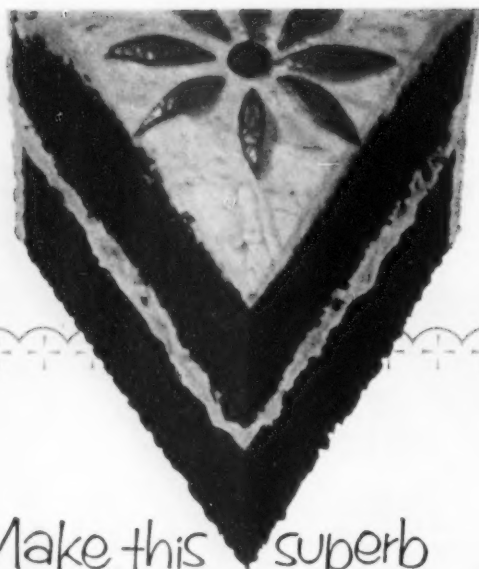
CHECK AMOUNT DESIRED

- ☐ 1 KIT (108 sq. ft.)
for 10 windows—4.95
☐ 2 KITS (216 sq. ft.)
for 20 windows—8.95

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....



Make this superb Black-eyed Susan Cake

delicate as only Swans Down can make it!

SWANS DOWN BLACK-EYED SUSAN CAKE

(Wonder Quick: no more beating than a mix!)

1 3/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
3 egg whites, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

Sift Swans Down Flour once. Then measure exact amount needed into sifter. Add the soda, salt and sugar. Stir shortening to soften. Sift in flour mixture. Add 3/4 cup of the milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes at a low speed of electric mixer, or 300 vigorous strokes by hand.

Add egg whites, melted chocolate and remaining milk. Beat 1 minute longer in mixer or 150 strokes by hand.

Pour batter into two round 9-inch or 8-inch layer pans, 1 1/2 inches deep, which have been lined on the bottoms with paper. Bake in moderate oven 350° F., about 30 minutes for 9-inch layers or about 40 minutes for 8-inch layers.

Orange Frosting—

Cream together 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/2 tablespoons grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Add 1 unbeaten egg yolk and mix well. Then add 3 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar, alternately with 1 tablespoon orange juice and 2 teaspoons lemon juice, beating well after each addition. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides.

Decorate top of cake with black-eyed Susan design, using thinly sliced orange rind for petals and Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips for centres of flowers.

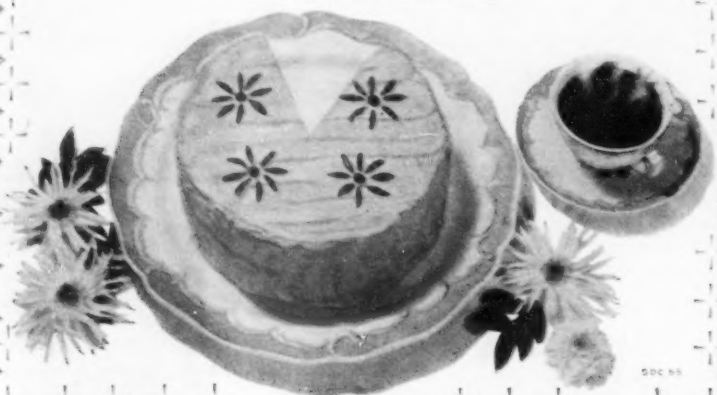


Swans Down Cakes
taste so fresh

Swans Down Cakes
rise so high

Swans Down Cake Flour

Another Fine Product of General Foods



Learn to live with yourself



BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

The perfect wife is a movie myth

I CAN'T understand why I always feel so rushed," exclaimed an exasperated young housewife recently. "I feel like Marilyn Bell battling the Channel, and I have the horrible feeling that I'm not going to make it."

The speaker was young, mother of two small boys. By all standards she seemed to be on top of her job. Her house was attractively decorated, her housekeeping impeccable. Her two children seemed to be happy, likable youngsters and she and her husband obviously had a good marriage. Besides her home responsibilities, she found time to be active in several clubs and still put in several hours a week at her favorite hobby of gardening.

"But my life is cut up in so many different directions," she said. "I seem to be too busy for comfort all the time, and yet I always am hounded by the feeling that I'm not really doing as good a job as I should be. I feel frustrated and inadequate."

Many active and apparently happy women seem to have this rushed feeling. It comes from the feeling that they are supposed to be playing half a dozen different roles and turning in a perfect performance in all of them.

Many a woman today feels, as a wife, that she should be able to hold her man with all the wiles of a Cleopatra. She looks with dismay at grandmothers like Marlene Dietrich and Joan Bennett, and despairs of being able to compete. Is she supposed to look as vibrantly youthful at forty-five and fifty-five as these perennial glamour girls?

Her husband phones up at a quarter to five. Two old friends have arrived in town. Will it be all right if he brings them out to dinner? As she mentally calculates how much time it will take her to whisk through the living room, run down to the supermarket and get four chops to spin out the roast she had planned to serve that night, and get dressed herself, she says, "Of course, darling." That's what all the wives in the radio serials and the movies say in a similar situation, don't they?

As a mother she is supposed to temper the wisdom of Solomon with the knowledge of Freud. She must always be calm, never cranky—an impossibility for a saint.

She is supposed to keep a house that looks as perfect as all the magazine advertisements, cook like grandmother is reputed to have done, be as ingenious as Elsa Maxwell at entertaining and as tireless as the Queen.

On top of all this she is plagued by questions such as, "Perhaps I should be taking more interest in political affairs." "Is there anything I could do about the atomic bomb?"

Nearly half a million married women in Canada further complicate their problem by holding down part- or even full-time jobs in addition to all their home responsibilities.

It constantly astonishes me that so many women still seem to be able to juggle all their various roles in life satisfactorily without showing any really visible signs of strain.

But there are other women, like the mother who felt rushed, who feel they are being pulled in too many directions and that they are coming apart at the seams.

Continued on page 66



NEW

"Heat-Seal" STAINLESS STEEL COOKWARE by PRESTO



Heat is quickly circulated by inner heat core and evenly radiated inwards to full depth of utensil.



Handle and knob mounts are air-insulated... don't get hot!



Glowing Sunray Interiors have long-wearing qualities... lustrous surface makes cleaning easy.



New sure-grip handle. Novel design makes storing convenient... permits covers to be hung over tip of handles.

The makers of famous PRESTO Cookers introduce Canada's newest, most modern stainless steel cookware with the lifetime guarantee. A complete line—frying pans, sauce pans, double boilers and dutch oven. PRESTO "Heat-Seal", triple-ply utensils are made from the very finest, heavy gauge ply metal. The entire body of each utensil as well as the bottom, is triple-ply metal. An inner heat core quickly circulates and radiates the heat *inwards* to the full depth of the utensil. Presto! Better cooked meals... less heat used. The gleaming finish of PRESTO Cookware adds distinctive beauty to any kitchen... it's a finish designed to last... *guaranteed* to last a lifetime. Check the features at left—compare this PRESTO value!

save \$3.75

INTRODUCTORY SET


GIFT PACKAGED

1 1/2 qt. Double Boiler	\$11.25
8 in. Frying pan	8.45
Regular Price	\$19.70
YOURS FOR ONLY	\$15.95

prices are suggested retail



manufactured in Canada by National Presto Industries of Canada Limited
Wallaceburg, Ontario



Presto Skillet
This portable beauty with controlled heat fries, braises, bakes, casseroles



Presto Iron
Steam or Dry with Scorch Preventer and colored handles—yellow, pink, blue, green or black



Presto Cooker
Ultra new—beautiful styling—safe, speedy and economical



BETTER VALUE—BETTER QUALITY PRESTO PRODUCTS ARE SOLD AT ALL THE LEADING HARDWARE, HOUSEWARE AND ELECTRICAL STORES. WRITE FOR FREE, COLORFUL, INFORMATIVE CIRCULAR.

Not a shadow of a doubt...



Kleever Klad's
Imported bamboo
wool tweed
tunic suit.
At all leading stores.

Only
**New
Kotex**

gives you
**Extra Softness
Extra
Absorbency**

New Kotex with Wondersoft* Gauze Covering brings you an entirely new experience in lasting comfort... you've never known such softness.

A Safer Softness—This miracle covering, because of its reliable gauze foundation, provides a *double* safety: it's not only stronger but also permits *complete* absorbency. The special weave is always open and free, admitting all moisture *quickly* (the edges stay dry—can't chafe).

Only Kotex has this *extra* soft, *extra* safe covering. And only Kotex* has tapered ends... retains its shape and comfort for hours.



KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES
Regular (Blue Box) Junior (Green Box)
Super (Brown Box)

New Kotex
with Wondersoft Covering

For Utmost Comfort and Security...

**KOTEX
WONDERFORM*
BELT**

Your choice of white or pink in soft-stretch elastic—strong, light-weight, non-twisting, non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries quickly. (Why not buy two—for alternate use?)

*Reg. trade mark.



Memo from Rosemary



SMOOTH READING BETWEEN THE LINES



YOU HATE THEM. They creep up on you almost overnight and, having arrived, they dig in deeper and stay forever. What are they? Wrinkles, of course. And because there isn't a woman alive who can escape them forever, let's take a closer look at the wrinkle story: why they come, how to ward them off, and what to do about them when they do finally arrive.

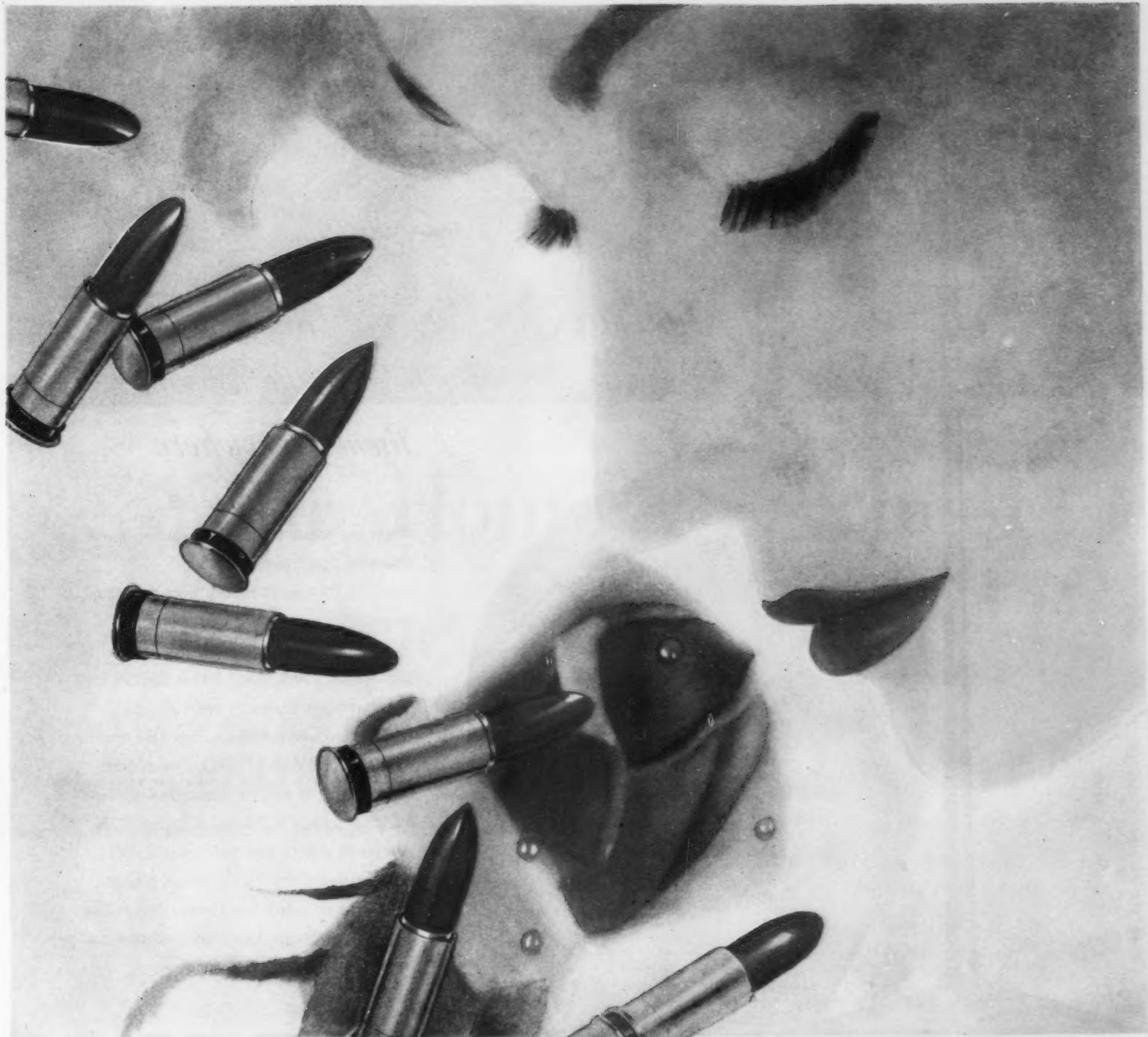
Back to the blood stream... In the end, everything comes down to this: diet, exercise and circulation. Plenty of fresh fruit and green vegetables (how often you've heard it!), lean meat and whole-wheat foods will keep your blood stream packed with oxygen (energy), salts and vitamins. Exercise, the brisker the better, will send the blood charging through the tiny capillary tubes, taking health and vitality to the tissues, and carrying away old waste products. If the tissues of your face and neck are kept well-fed, plumped-up and healthy, many years will pass before lines and wrinkles move in.

Prevention and remedy: Inside and out... Let's assume that you already follow the first essentials, diet and exercise (ten minutes each morning in front of an open window and/or fifteen minutes' brisk walking in the fresh air every day). Circulation, vitally important, is more of a problem. Inevitably, as the years pass, circulation slows down. Unless you can spare the time and energy to race six times round the block every morning, you need new methods to keep up the pace of your circulation, and to keep the tissues and muscles of face and neck in good shape.

This is how: Once a week (twice, if your skin has passed thirty, in age or appearance) cleanse your face and neck and then soak a pad of cotton wool with a liquid skin exerciser—a sharp, clear potion that sinks and tingles into the skin, whips the circulation up to a fine, healthy pitch. Pat it over your throat from ear to ear and along the expression lines of your face. Leave for a minute or two and then, with light upward strokes, smooth one of the new contour-lifting lotions over throat and face.

Now massage until the skin has taken it all—which does not mean that you should rub at your poor face with strong, stretching fingers. Unless you are an expert, massage should always be the fingerprint variety. Using the first two fingers of both hands, tap firmly but lightly in one-two rhythm. Always tap upward: from centre of chin to ears; along the lines from chin to nose; from nostrils to temples; between eyes, onto forehead and out to sides; from throat to behind ears. And circle the eyes, anticlockwise.

So much for tightening the contours and putting the moisture and elasticity back into the skin. Now for nutrition. Take a good skin food, rich in hormones, and roll it on with the palms of the hands, starting at the base of the throat and ending where the scalp begins. Repeat the fingerprint massage—to help the tissues absorb the goodness, keep the muscles firm and active. Blot off the excess—and then to bed, and eight hours' sleep. +



ORIENTAL PINK PLUS ORIENTAL RED

Miss Arden's fashion colour for Fall

Out of the exotic East comes the most dramatic NEW colour seen this year . . . Oriental Pink . . . with brilliant, exciting roseate overtones and rich, red depths to flatter and dramatize the newest fashion clothes. Miss Arden brings you this inspired Fall colour in two tones: Oriental Pink and Plus Oriental Red. Use one over the other to match or accent the costume you are wearing. And, because lips need *care* as well as *colour*, Miss Arden, using costly secret ingredients, creates the world's finest lipstick . . . to bring dewy moisture, smoother texture and cohesive colour to your lips.

Oriental Pink Lipsticks, Plus Oriental Red Lipsticks, \$1.50. Oriental Pink and Plus Oriental Red Duet Lipsticks, \$2.00.

Wear Oriental Pink Coordinated Makeup:

Cream Rouge, \$1.75; Nail Lacquer, \$1.00;
Eye Sha-do, \$1.90; Pure Gold Eye Sha-do, \$15.00;
Silver Eye Sha-do, \$3.00; Chair Eye Sha-do, \$3.00;
Kohl . . . new eye makeup . . . \$5.50; Cosmetique, \$2.75.

Elizabeth Arden

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TOUCHÉ



If he gives you diamonds from Birks
you'll feel like wearing
them everywhere

There's a breathtaking splendour to these diamond masterpieces by BIRKS . . . iced fire from each superb gem throwing an exciting new light on your life.

These are, indeed, the most precious of all gifts. Once yours, you'll find it difficult to resist wearing them . . . everywhere!

Sketched are a few exciting new creations from BIRKS JEWEL STUDIO. The necklet, for example, is the first Canadian winner of a Diamonds U.S.A. Award (October 1955). We invite you to see our collection of diamond jewellery for Christmas giving. You'll find an attractive variety of necklets, bracelets, earrings, brooches and diamond-set watches—in every price range.

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OTTAWA	SASKATOON
SUDBURY	EDMONTON
TORONTO	CALGARY
HAMILTON	VANCOUVER
LONDON	VICTORIA





Your Home-and-School Faces a Crisis

*Canada's greatest voluntary organization must soon decide
whether it is going to be a hard-hitting parent-teacher group or a kind of ladies' aid,
devoted to school fairs and euchre, say its critics within and without*

BY EILEEN MORRIS

MEASURED by size alone the Home and School and Parent-Teacher Federation of Canada, an organization whose quarter million members are scattered from the married quarters of No. 2 Fighter Wing in Gros Tenquin in France to lonely lighthouses off the British Columbia coast, would appear to be embarked on the biggest season in its sixty years.

The membership has doubled in the last five years. Home and School, as it is called in most provinces, is the largest voluntary organization in the nation. Once dominated by the distaff side of the membership and redolent with the heady fragrance of bake sales held to help the school, the associations have been strengthened by the arrival of fathers in force. The growth of Suburbia, an awakened interest in education and its problems, both have reinforced the desire of a generation of young parents anxious to take part in this democratic community enterprise.

But for all its growth and despite a varied and lively program ranging from a drive to provide books for the school library to a hilarious meeting featuring competitions in which the men in the audience wore their wives' old hats, the Home and School is this year facing a crisis.

Some older members, who have been with Home and School since the early days of struggle to gain recognition, feel that the original vision has become dim and the pioneering purpose has lost some of its edge. Newer members, finding their enthusiasm dampened by too much bridge and euchre, and such informative but inappropriate talks as one entitled How to Plant

Shrubs in Your Garden are asking for a tougher, more realistic program. Others are plainly disgusted with what they feel is the footling malfunction of their local group.

Here is what Dr. S. R. Laycock, former dean of education at the University of Saskatchewan, a past national president of Home and School and one of its architects, had to say recently: "Home and School and Parent-Teacher associations are at the crossroads following their big postwar boom in membership. If these organizations are to continue to move forward, they will have to face up to this time of decision and decide whether they are to be chiefly a ladies-aid type of organization or a group of parents, teachers and other citizens studying together how best to promote the education of the child in his school, his home and his community."

Not that Home and School hasn't an impressive list of accomplishments to its credit since it was started in 1895 in Baddeck, N.S., by a group of disgruntled parents agitating for badly needed school supplies. They got their supplies, and after a couple of townsfolk by the name of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell came back from Washington with news of an organization called a Mothers' Club, these same parents decided to keep their ginger group together under the name the movement now bears.

In the beginning several provinces used the *Continued on page 68*

BUILD UP YOUR HOME-AND-SCHOOL, NEXT PAGE

How to build a better Home-and-School

PROGRAMS THAT PULL

GOOD programs take work, often beginning a year ahead. Many associations send out advance questionnaires to learn what members want to hear about. Programs are getting away from single lectures or films minus discussion, are spiced with panels, buzz sessions, interviews.

A **mock trial**, which tested the efficiency of the modern school, staged by members of Squamish Association, B. C., was the year's best meeting.

A **Nova Scotia group** chose the theme, Understanding Your Child and His World, then broke it down into monthly discussions on: The Child in the Family, Individual Differences, What

Makes a Good School?, What Play Means in the Life of a Child, and How to Build a Better Community for the Children.

Parent education is eagerly sought through plays, films, panel discussions. Ontario parents who were plagued with a wave of pilfering by their younger children saw the film, *Sociable Six and Noisy Nine*, which showed a small child stealing pennies from milk bottles and told why he did it. They were so impressed they organized a study group on the spot to delve deeper into their own children's problems.

Social breaks keep a program alive. "Refreshments have priority at our meetings," says Mrs. E. Z. McCurdy, president of the successful King Edward Association, Moose Jaw. "Programs based solely on plain living and high thinking won't bring members out regularly. People must feel at ease with each other before they will work together successfully on common problems."

A **Caterers' Club**, composed of students, handles refreshments at P-TA meetings of Gladstone Secondary in Vancouver.

Schoolwork and teaching are subjects parents want to hear more about. At King Edward School, Moose Jaw, Principal B. A. Lowell gives a principal's report at each meeting, with news of school projects, report cards, and new ideas in education. Teachers are paired off for attendance so that at least fifty percent attend each meeting.

A **panel on reading** at David Lloyd George, Vancouver, was followed by discussion with the teachers in various classrooms.

Do Parents Have Enough Say About Education? proved a popular panel at Kitsilano High, B. C.

Buzz sessions at Armstrong-Spallumcheen Association, B. C., discussed: Should Promotion be Automatic? Do Youngsters Know How to Study Independently? Is Homework Necessary?; Are the Three Rs Sufficiently Stressed?; What do Parents Expect of the School and Vice Versa?; Why is There a Shortage of Teachers—and What Can Be Done About It?

An **art program**, where parents actually did the grade-six painting project, drew ninety-five-percent audience participation at Comox, B.C.

Distance poses a problem in rural areas when parents wish to attend meetings. Alberta members bring their children to school on meeting night; the youngsters play games in the basement, watch films or, in winter, skate on an adjacent rink, while parents enjoy the program.

THESE PROJECTS WENT PLACES

A **hazardous traffic area** surrounds Gilson School, Montreal, so recently Home and School made

safety the project of the year. All children received a map of the school district to color, showing the route they followed each day and filling in danger spots in red. They then took the maps home and parents were asked to check if the regular route was the safest. The maps cut traffic accidents, and also molestation of youngsters who had been using deserted alleys as short cuts home. Now whenever a new pupil arrives, he receives a map.

A **hot-lunch program** is the pride of Dewdney Association, B. C. Members help serve the children during the winter months, and the women get together for a bee in midsummer, when they process fresh fruit and vegetables for next winter's hot lunches.

The **Calgary Council** took up the cause of the local Council for Retarded Children, aided the parents in setting up parent study groups.

A **special playground committee**, in Victoria, worked for more supervision and activities in the city playgrounds.

Home and School is bringing culture down from the high plane of the Massey Report into the family circle. Cowichan District, B.C., sponsors a music festival that has grown from a two-day event to a five-day one. Victoria Council sponsors Saturday-morning art classes for children. The Quebec federation sponsored the opening performance of the Young People's Symphony Concerts in Montreal, urged local associations to provide chaperones for young children.

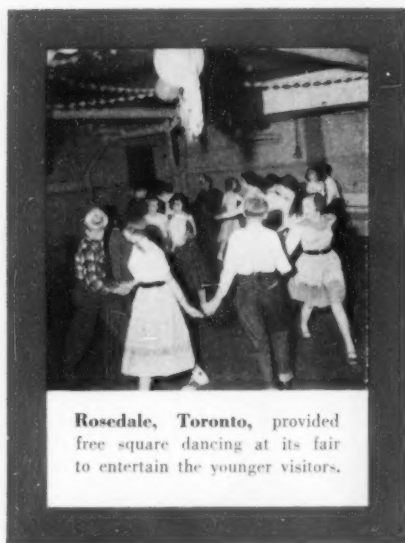
Art fairs in Nova Scotia, with children from many schools taking part, are big annual events. Home and School efforts in Toronto got qualified music teachers giving group lessons in the schools after school hours, backed the afternoon Children's Symphony Concerts, with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

More good musical concerts in rural Nova Scotia are promoted by the Rural High Associations at Tatamagouche and Musquodoboit. Tatamagouche sells tickets to a series of concerts by the best of Nova Scotia's artists.

A **skate exchange** is sponsored by Arvida Association, Que., which also serves as a clearing house for sleds, skis and other winter-sports equipment.

Over 1,500 children learned to skate after Nanaimo Association formed a skating club for preschool children, and Grades 1 to 6.

Suitable graduation festivities were discussed at a panel sponsored by Ladysmith Council, B. C. Over 130 parents, teachers and students attended. As a result the council helps organize and



Rosedale, Toronto, provided free square dancing at its fair to entertain the younger visitors.



Begbie, Vancouver, runs its own well-baby clinic, checks about 200 children each month.

*Here's an idea roundup, from associations all across
Canada, to help spark your plans for
a better group, a better school, a better community this year*

supervise a party-dance—the sum total of graduation activities.

Good books combat comic books at Maple Hill School, Quebec Province. Home and School members trucked 400 books from the Montreal Children's Library, and each Wednesday through summer holidays held a library period. About 125 children borrowed five books each.

Books for the school library was a summer project of Summerlea Association, Montreal. They obtained 916 dime banks with labels:

A dime a week from April to September

Will buy a book our children will remember.

Letters were sent to parents asking them to save a dime a week, and return the bank in September. To add appeal, a book label was enclosed along with the bank. This label, when returned with the full bank, had the donor's name printed on (usually that of the child of the house), and was pasted in the new book purchased for the library. Altogether Summerlea collected \$2,374 and bought 1,050 new books.

Once a week in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island Home and School Federation goes on the air. The talks are informal, with titles worthy of an adman: Lucky Thirteen (marking the opening of National Headquarters on January 13 of this year); The Mouthpiece (on the national magazine); Ship Ahoy (the story of a reading club named Ship Ahoy and other successful children's reading groups in P. E. I.). The talks were so popular the station offered to extend their five-minute spot to ten or fifteen.

TAKE THE \$ SIGN OFF SCHOOL FAIRS

To get away from money-raising, Whitney Home and School Association, Toronto, gave youngsters a constructive, different sort of fair: a hobby round-up and a talent show with auditions. A dozen hobbies were demonstrated—art, leather-work, pottery—by paid experts, but at a level that appealed to children, and the children were invited to try their hand. Fifteen little girls cut out dolls' clothes, basted them up during the afternoon, and took them home to finish. Three fathers demonstrated carpentry, and one got a shoe-polish box for his wife, made by a series of small, eager boys. Dime admission tickets were sold, there was a snack bar and check room. The show that was *not* planned to raise money cleared four hundred dollars.

A **pet parade and doll show** were an innovation at the annual hobby show of Union Bay Association, B. C. Both delighted the children.

WINNING MEMBERS MEANS WORK

Calgary gets the fathers to work for Home and School through the partnership plan. Husband

and wife convene a committee together, and both enjoy the chance to work together in Home and School affairs.

A **survey of the program** and services for the coming year is sent out to all parents by Henry Hudson P.T.A., Vancouver. In handy booklet form, it's distributed as soon as the family list is obtained from the school in September.

Beginners' Assembly for preschoolers and their parents is held every May or June by Edmonton Home and School. While the child samples Grade 1 and is shown about the building, parents meet the school nurse, a Home and School executive member, and a Grade 1 teacher, all of whom explain school life.

On registration day in September, some Toronto members go to their school and personally welcome new parents, presenting a friendly letter which gives details of meeting night and future programs. Other associations report introductory teas for Grade 1 mothers.

OPEN HOUSE CAN BE FUN

The crowded open house is gradually being superseded by parent interviews during school hours. But parents still enjoy wandering through the school one special evening of the year. Willingdon Association, Montreal, avoids some of the mob-scene atmosphere by having parents of certain grades meet the teacher at the October meeting, others at the November meeting. Home and School provides a host or hostess for each classroom. They introduce parents to the teacher, keep the line moving briskly.

WELCOME TO NEW CANADIANS

A **family night**, when the older children of the family come along and interpret for their parents, brings in New Canadian parents in Toronto.

A **door-to-door canvass** for members each September is far more effective with New Canadians than a telephone call, reports Toronto Runnymede.

In a downtown district, with twenty-seven nationalities represented, Clinton Home and School, Toronto, held a Tree of Friendship meeting one Christmas, with a speaker from the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews. Another year they sponsored an international Christmas feast for all parents and teachers, featuring dishes from all nations, many prepared by New Canadian members.

This Canada of Ours was the theme of a successful meeting of Lord Selkirk Association in Winnipeg. Five ethnic groups attended, and each presented a talk on its contribution to Canada and to Winnipeg, followed by representative entertainment from each group. ♦



Montreal airs ideas, opinions on its popular Home and School on the Air program over CFCF.



Vancouver parents transcribe texts into Braille for blind students at provincial school.



Kentville, N.S., held arts and crafts exhibit; taught visiting students how to make pottery.

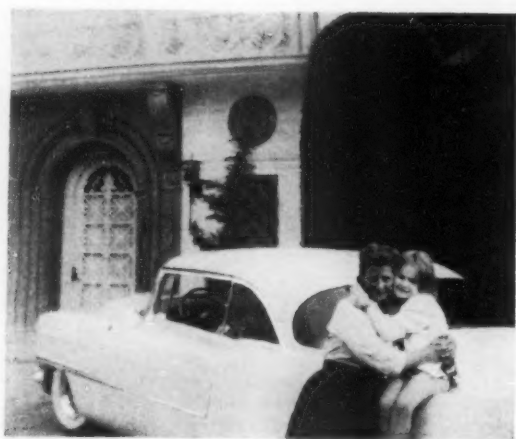
*I drove James Mason's
car from Stratford
to Hollywood and
straight into a
fabulous year in the
Masons' home, where
Lauren Bacall*



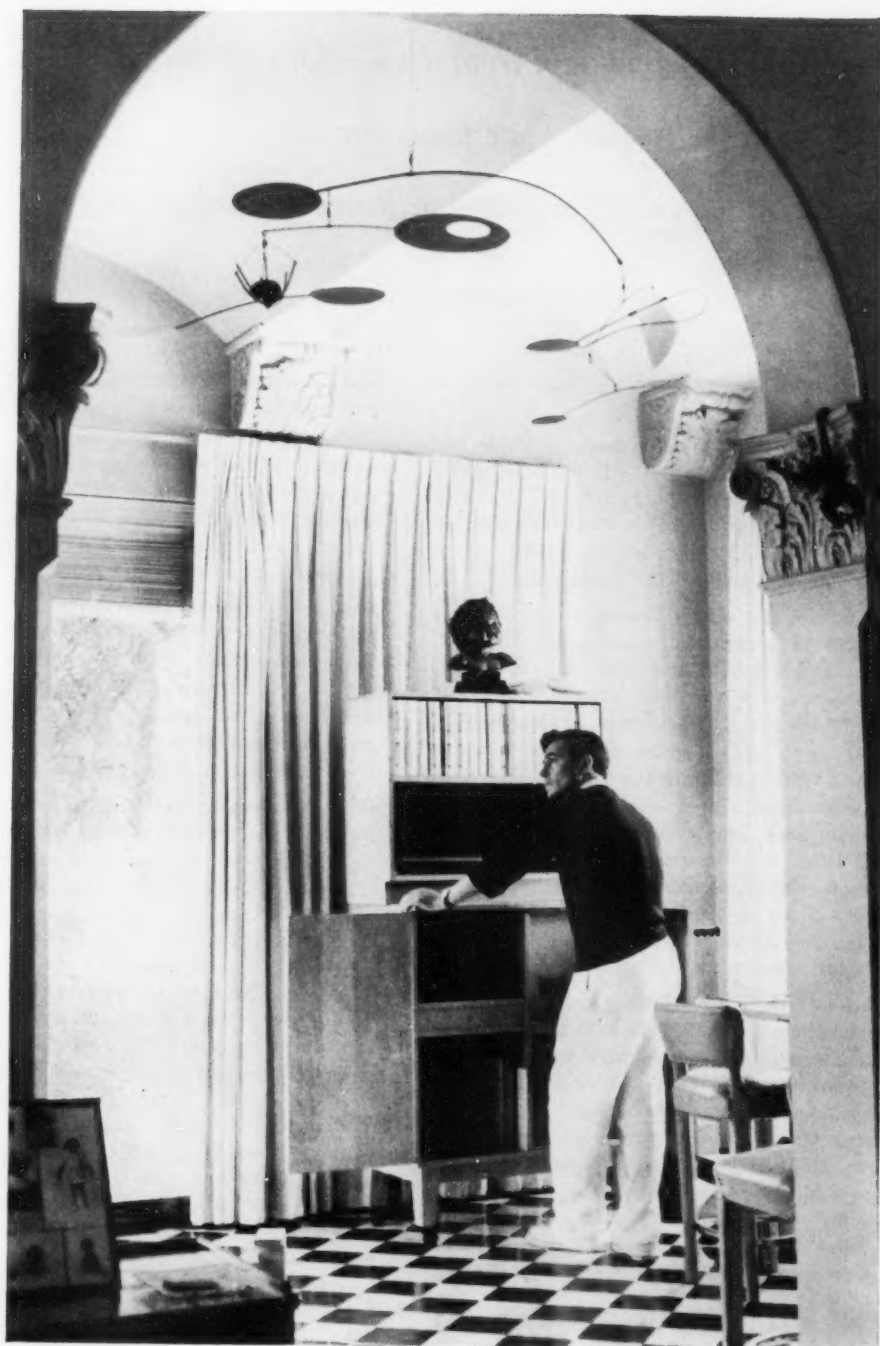
*slapped me
on the back,
Kirk Douglas
almost killed
me with a
tennis ball and
I sat chatting
with Aly Khan*



*and
Van
Heflin*



Here I am with Portland who, like all the Masons, has a great sense of humor. I drove her to school and dancing classes.



A jazz fan, Mason owns many disks. Buster Keaton built the house; Barbara Hutton added gold taps.

THE HOT-WATER TAPS WERE MADE OF GOLD

By Elspeth Cochrane

FOR THE last year I feel I've been playing the title role in Alice in Wonderland. You would too, if you'd been living, as I have, with the James Masons, in Hollywood.

It all started in Stratford, Ont., last year. It was my second year as Festival stage director and James, of course, was the star. At the end of the season he planned to return to Hollywood by train (neither of the Masons cares much for flying) and he needed someone to drive his salmon-pink convertible out for him.

"How would you like a trip to California?" he asked me.

"Fine," I replied, and four weeks later, at nine on a September evening, a little breathlessly, I was nosing my salmon-pink magic carpet down the broad and sprawling boulevards of Los Angeles.

Though I had known James only casually in Stratford, and had met Pam only once, they suggested that if I would like to make myself useful I might stay with them. I could help Pam with shopping and entertaining, drive six-year-old Portland, their daughter, to school, and assist James with whatever projects he might have in hand.

As a stage-struck youngster of five in my own cold, foggy England, I had dreamed of someday visiting Hollywood, the fairytale city of perpetual sunshine. I had forgotten the dream in the busy years between—on tour with repertory companies, in London's West End and at the Old Vic where I worked with Tyrone Guthrie. In 1953 Guthrie offered me the job of stage director at Stratford. Between the two festival seasons I worked with the Crest Theatre in Toronto and the Canadian National Players in Ottawa. And then, last year, my dream of visiting Hollywood came true.

The Masons' house in Beverly Hills is Spanish style, in white and blue. It was built by Buster Keaton who still returns occasionally to borrow or return one of his films which are stored in a vault there. The only other memento he left was an enormous living-room fireplace, flanked by two naked pink plaster ladies who held up the mantel. Recently the Masons decided to dispense with them and they were torn out with hammer and chisel.

Two other famous occupants of the Masons' house were Barbara Hutton and her former husband, Cary Grant. Miss Hutton left gold taps which she'd had installed in her bathroom.

The rest of the house is less dazzling. There is a wide pink-carpeted stairway, five bedrooms—each with a bath—a built-in bar in the living room, a dining room, and a library filled with books and paintings, most of them done by James and Portland. My own bedroom, in the guesthouse over the garage, was cream and blue, with little gilt cupids on the drawers.

Outdoors is the patio, the inevitable swimming pool and a tennis court. James is a tennis enthusiast and a good player and most of the Masons' friends, I discovered, eventually turned up at the regular Sunday-afternoon tennis parties.

One Sunday, over tea, I found myself chatting with Van Johnson. Van is a frequent guest and a first-rate player, so tall and broad that he appears to reach every ball without budging from the back line. "Why don't you play?" he asked me.

"Oh, I used to, at school," I gave the conventional, *Continued on page 74*



Portland's model train runs beside the swimming pool. There's a tennis court, too, for James' favorite sport.



Both James and Porty paint and their pictures line the library. Behind James here is a movie projection screen, a must in most stars' homes.



The Masons' son, Alexander Morgan, was born June 27, just before I left. James, Pamela and Portland, six, lived in London, Ont., in 1954, when James starred in the Stratford Festival.



The famous cats numbered ten when I was there—plus a German shepherd, Lady.

WHY

husbands

Don't they know nagging causes more

combined? Perhaps they can't

is cruel and corrosive. A noted Canadian

BY DR. WILLIAM E. BLATZ

NOTHING—not even war or famine or disease—causes as much unhappiness in the world today as the nagging in marriage.

I don't suppose I've seen a single case, of all the hundreds I've dealt with in thirty years as a psychiatrist on the staff of the Family Court in Toronto, where there has not been evidence of nagging. For nagging is the cruel sharp weapon that wives and husbands use when the so-called war between the sexes becomes a deadly serious and bitter conflict with casualties as real as in any battle. You notice that I include men among the naggers. Whatever private myth men as a sex may try to support, the truth is that they nag just as much, and with just as terrible consequences, as their wives.

People have literally been nagged to death. More often persistent nagging results in the complete breakdown of the marriage. And more frequently still, habitual nagging robs a marriage of its potential beauty and warmth and creates instead an atmosphere filled with tension, distrust and the ugly images left by painful words that can never be forgotten.

I saw a couple at the court a short time ago who had come to get a separation. He was a professional man, intelligent, well-educated and at the end of his tether because of his wife's nagging. To protect himself he had picked up the same social weapon and had learned to use it well. In one of their bitter exchanges he accused his wife, in coarse language, of being unfaithful. This incident had brought their marriage to the brink of dissolution and had brought them to my office.

"Of course, I know it isn't true, doctor," he said to me as we talked. "But I wanted to make her stop nagging. I wanted to hurt her."

We talked about their troubles and they left my office determined to give it another try and attempt to recover some of that faith and understanding which I spoke of in my last article in October *Chatelaine* and which, I am convinced, is the essence of married love itself. I think they can be happy again. I also know that when the going is rough, as it is at times in any marriage, the foul name her husband once called her will rise again no matter how hard she tries to banish the memory of it.

Lies or home truths — both can hurt

To have a successful marriage I think the two people must subscribe to an illusion. This is an illusion based on fact but reinforced with faith and understanding and illuminated with tenderness. This does not mean deluding oneself with extravagant exaggeration but it does mean creating and cherishing a picture of the other person in which he or she can always be seen at their best. The picture should not be false; it must be friendly. And nagging, with its corrosive bitterness, its almost metro-nomic assault on the ears and the nerves, with its sharp barbs cunningly fashioned by loving hands and aimed with intimate knowledge of the

Peter Croydon

and wives NAG

unhappiness than wars and plagues

stop even though they know it

psychiatrist tells what can be done about it

target, is a denial of all the trust and faith essential to happy marriage.

Last week a man and his wife came to see me at my office. The scene they enacted there could have been amusing, I suppose, if you could have ignored the tragedy between the lines. I know I couldn't as I listened to them.

They had been married for eight years and the wife wanted a separation.

She spoke first and she spoke for ten minutes about how her husband never did what she asked him to do, how he never had a kind word for her. At one point I tried to interject a remark but she motioned me to be quiet.

"You just listen to me," she said. "I'm telling this story and you're going to listen. That's what you're paid for."

Naggers try to dominate with words

She went on for another ten minutes and I listened. Finally she was finished and I turned to the husband.

"Well, what's your side of the story?" I asked him.

His smile was wan and his voice was dispirited. "Doc," he said. "If you haven't learned, in the last twenty minutes, what our marriage is like you're pretty dumb."

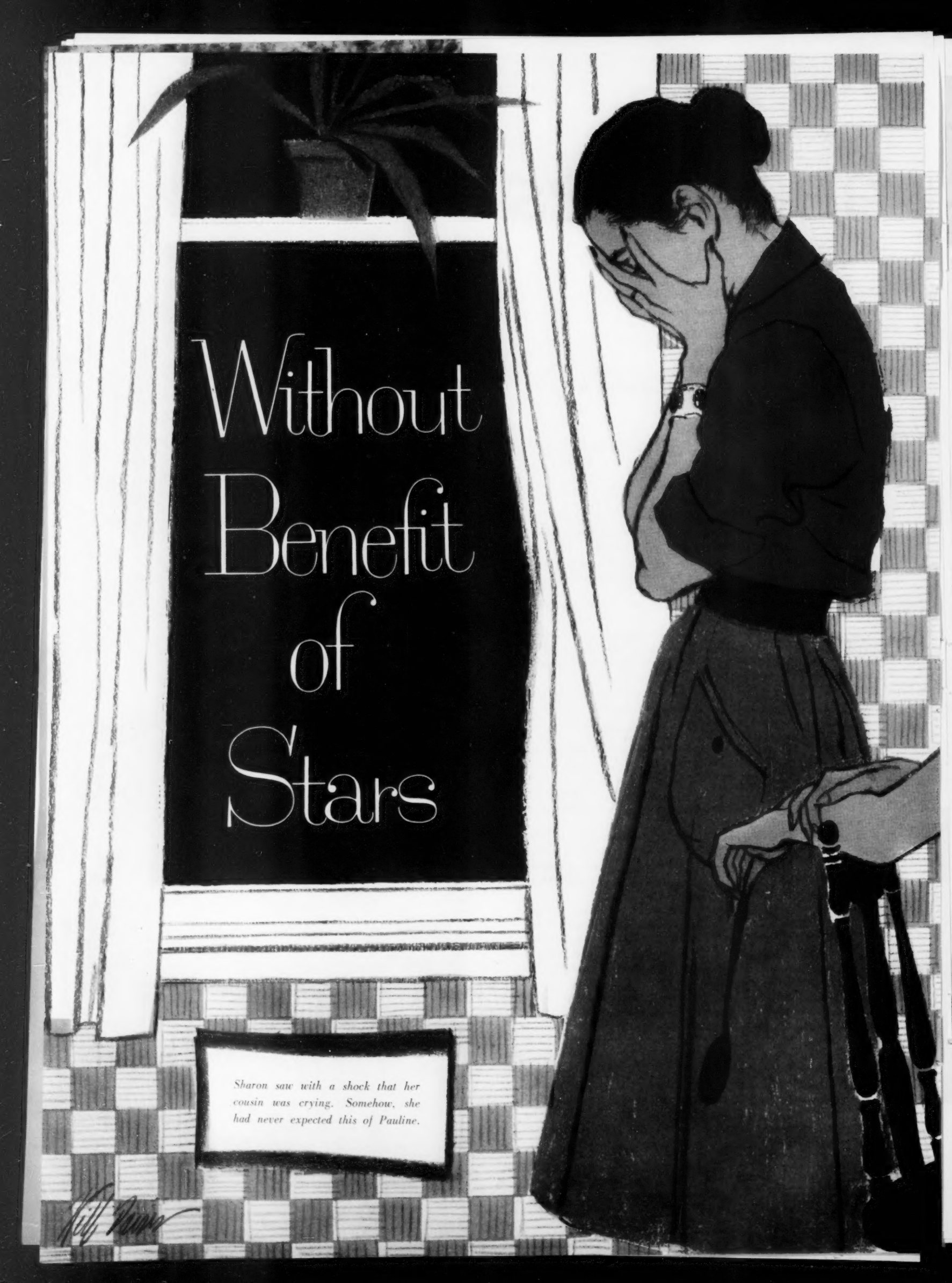
What is nagging? Just what is the malady that afflicts these unhappy people and so many others? When we've looked at the nature and the causes of nagging we'll go on to examine, in a positive way, how nagging can be stopped, short of the extreme example offered by the Molière character who took refuge in deliberate deafness.

Let us start with a definition: nagging is the verbal method a person uses to establish his dominance by criticizing or giving orders. The key word here is "dominance" because in every human relationship there is a dominant and a submissive party. Even small children, as young as two and a half years, come to know this. They may learn that they can get what they want, and the satisfaction of wants is a basic human desire, from their mother by crying or parading a tantrum. In this relationship they dominate. The same child, in that other relationship with his father who may be a tougher personality to dominate, largely because he hasn't had the task of caring for the child all day, may find that he can get what he wants by being submissive.

So it is in adult life and very much so in marriage. When a couple are courting, the girl usually takes the submissive role. This makes it all the easier for the boy to take the dominant role, one which sometimes lures him into delivering some pretty highly colored lines—let's face it, he tells a few lies—some of which he may have to alter in later years if these two get married.

Fifty, sixty years ago this dominant-husband— *Continued on page 82*





Without Benefit of Stars

*Sharon saw with a shock that her
cousin was crying. Somehow, she
had never expected this of Pauline.*

Kelly Jones

BY MILDRED QUINBY

Illustrated by Will Davies

Ted was never late. What could have happened to him?

In those long waiting hours, Sharon learned the true secret of love

SHARON and Steve held hands tightly, their faces tilted upwards toward the plane circling for a landing. In minutes now, Sharon would have to board the plane and go away from Steve. Oh, just for a week or so—but anything could happen in a week. And of course her mother, Sharon thought, hoped something would happen; that Sharon would come back changed, not wanting to marry Steve. It was all so silly, such a waste of time. "I'm going to miss you terribly," she said wistfully.

He looked down at her, his eyes going over her face as if he might forget the way her nose ended in a funny little bump, or that she had a dimple in her left cheek. "Then why," he asked reasonably, "do you want to go kiting off to see some cousin you barely remember?"

She couldn't tell him why; that her mother had said, "If you actually see poor Pauline living on a shoestring, you'll know what I'm talking about!" So that when Pauline's invitation had come Mrs. Caldwell had insisted she accept it. Sharon smiled at Steve and said lightly, "Oh, but I do remember Pauline. When I was a little kid I followed her around like a puppy dog. She was perfectly beautiful and I adored her. When she and Ted Larson ran off and got married, I thought it was the greatest romance of all time!"

Steve grinned. "Till now!" They made their way to the gate, where their parting kiss was interrupted by an admiring whistle and Sharon said, "Goodness! I guess we're making what mother would call a public spectacle," and backed away.

"Who cares?" Steve said, and bent over her again. Then she was being herded through the gate and up the ramp. She found a window seat and by twisting her neck and flattening her nose she could see Steve, but she knew he couldn't see her. She watched him, a tall thin boy with sandy hair roughened by the wind, hands thrust into the pockets of a worn leather jacket with patched elbows. Steve, here I am! she called silently. Look Steve, right here! But he couldn't find her, and they were already as far apart as if there were miles and hours between them.

After a while she began to think about Pauline. A long time ago—eight years ago—Pauline had lived right down the street with her widowed mother, her own mother's sister, and Sharon had run in and out. Sharon had freckles and pigtails and braces on her teeth, and Pauline's boy friends teased her and pulled her braids and Pauline scolded them. Pauline had midnight-black hair and wide-set, blue-grey eyes, laughing and kind. She let Sharon experiment with her

Continued on page 58



Anna had led her sisters into this, now
home you, too, will understand

*Finally, came the terrible day
when I had not fourteen but twenty-two
bowls to slip in my bag.*



she had to rescue them. If you were ever a schoolgirl away from why Anna, the little rebel, had to start the revolution in the convent

A DRAWERFUL OF PORRIDGE

By Anna Painchaud

BEGINNING in August, in the first quarter of this century, as is the custom even now, many convents were advertising in *La Liberté*, each trying to point out more impressively than the other their high degree of education and discipline, their wholesome food, their ideal living accommodations, their salubrious location.

I came across the very alluring prospectus of Sister Lagarde, Superior of the Grey Nuns' Convent at Sainte Anne des Chenes the summer I was fourteen. With Mother's permission, I entertained quite a correspondence with her. Sister Superior even came to see Mother on one of her visits to Saint Boniface.

At first, Mother had decided to send her three eldest daughters only as boarders. Sister, however, offered to take the five of us at such an advantageous rate that Mother wavered. Finally it was agreed that Sister would accept all of the little girls in our family for twenty-seven dollars a month, music

lessons for two included. Mother figured that this was cheaper than feeding us at home. And Sister said, "It is the turnover which builds up the profit. If I fill my convent with boarders, I can operate at a much lower cost per capita."

There was a very busy time at home for Mother and me, shopping, marking names on clothes and so forth. Everything was ready at the beginning of September. I, Anna, with Adele, Agnes, Clemence and Bernadette Roy boarded the train for Sainte Anne.

We arrived in time for supper. Mother had been quite dubious as to what kind of food the administration could serve for less than a dollar a day for five mouths. We all had good appetites, but in spite of this, it took no professional gourmet to judge that the meat had passed its prime, and that an attempt had been made to disguise the fact with vinegar, cloves, onion—and I don't know what else. We

Continued on page 51

Illustrated by Jerry Lazare




ANNA PAINCHAUD, born in a log cabin on a Manitoba homestead, is one of eleven children of Léon and Melina Roy. Her youngest sister, Gabrielle Roy, is the author of an outstanding Canadian novel, *Bonheur d'Occasion*, which was translated into English under the title, *The Tin Flute*. Anna, who taught school when she was sixteen, went off homesteading again when she was married. She and her husband, who have three grown-up sons, now live in Winnipeg where, for the first time in her busy life, Anna is turning her hand to writing. This, a *Canadienne's* "lively memories of her early convent schooldays, is her first published story.

*Flame like this always hurts.
Missy had to learn the lesson
of life, as her mother had
done, when her beloved father
was caught in*

The Fire of Midsummer's Eve


By Renee Rohr





DOWN HERE on the prairies you can always tell when a summer storm is coming up. Long before the sky turns dark or the thunder begins, the waist-high grass begins to twist under the wind. The heads of the grass bend flat and their color changes from yellow-grey to white. Overhead the sky is like blue glass and the sunshine burns on your arms. But the grass knows.

That's how it was that evening in May when Dr. Thorsen brought Ann Saul to our house for the first time. Ann Saul. A short, hard name, foreign-sounding in our Norwegian community full of Johansens and Dahlvigs and Swensens. She stood in the doorway of the parlor, her white, pointed face coming up no farther than the clover prints on the wall. Her emerald eyes looked straight into my father's eyes. And as their glances caught and snarled and knotted together, like my mother's bouclé yarn when the twins had been playing with it, it seemed to me I could see the heads of the prairie grass bend flat, and the long stretches of grass twist under the wind.



That May I was fifteen years old. The twins had been gone since Easter, sent up north to Aunt Marie at Half Day because of the colds they'd had all winter. The house was quiet without their racketing and sometimes lonely, but I was closer to my mother, more alone with her than I had been since they first came. Now in the evenings, she sat with us, my father and me, while he read aloud from the National Geographic about countries which to our longing imaginations were as brightly colored as maps. I don't think she listened, but she was there. As solid, as steady, as close to the earth as our white farmhouse which sat lonely, settled forever here on the prairies, resisting the hot winds, the dust, the blazing sun.

That May my secret desire was, for the first time in seven years, not a pony, but a pair of high-heeled, black, patent-leather pumps, with grosgrain bows on the toes. That May, there was Freddie.

Freddie was sixteen. He had black eyes and a black mole patched on his cheek. He was very serious about being a composer and had already written one song, called Death of a Beautiful Young Maiden. He liked to play it on our piano. He was not very good—he said this was the mark of all true composers, that they could not play the piano well. But he would bend over the keys, his face serious and intent as he picked out the tune, while I lay back in the Morris chair and dreamed as I listened and felt happily unhappy and thought about beautiful maidens dying young and all the sad things of life. My future glowed as bright as the neon sign over Johansen's Pharmacy. Freddie. Black

Continued on page 38

*I did not see it happen, but
suddenly they were dancing,
my father and Ann.*

By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Marie Holmes, Director

Frances Hucks

Jean Byers

Carol Crealock

Ellen Ingham

Mid-morning

FROSTED POTATO NOG

1 can frozen potato soup
1½ cups milk or light cream
2 eggs

½ teaspoon chopped chives
Sprinkling of nutmeg

Combine all ingredients but nutmeg in electric blender or mixer. Beat until smooth and frothy. Pour at once into chilled glasses, top with sprinkle of nutmeg. Serve immediately while ice cold with a few salted crackers. Note: if using electric mixer, it will be quicker if soup is allowed to thaw slightly first. Substitute parsley for chives if desired. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Lunch

PEPPER POT PEPPERS

1 can pepper pot soup
1 soup can of water
1 cup quick-cooking rice

1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
4 medium green peppers

Combine soup and water, boil; add rice, cover, remove from heat and let stand about 20 minutes. Add Worcestershire sauce and salt. Cut tops from peppers, remove centres and stuff with rice. Place in shallow pan having ½ inch of water in bottom. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 50 minutes or until peppers are tender. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Dinner

SAVORY ONION STUFFED PORK

5 pound shoulder pork roast
3 cups soft white bread crumbs
1 package dried onion soup

¼ teaspoon sage
¼ cup melted butter
1 tablespoon water

Have roast boned and rolled leaving cavity for dressing. Combine crumbs, 3 tablespoons of onion soup, sage, butter and water; stuff meat with dressing; secure with string or skewers. Roast on rack, uncovered, in 325 deg. F. oven for about 50 minutes per pound or until meat thermometer indicates it is done. Make gravy; add remaining soup, simmer 10 minutes.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Breakfast

PETITS POIS PANCAKES

2 cups pancake mix
2½ cups French pea soup
¼ cup water

Butter or margarine
½ pound sausages
Maple sirup

Combine pancake mix lightly with combined soup and water. More water may be needed depending on thickness of soup. Very lightly grease griddle with unsalted fat; heat until a drop of water will bounce. Drop batter onto griddle by spoonfuls. Serve hot, with plenty of butter, sizzling hot sausages and maple sirup. Makes 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Save time with

Soup

all around

Snack Time

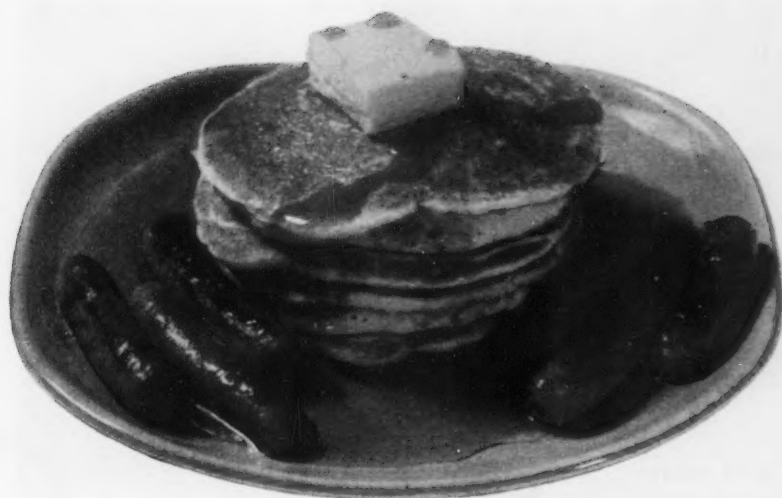
MUSHROOM BACON BURGERS

4 hamburger buns
1 can cream of mushroom soup
8 slices processed cheese

8 large slices tomato
8 rounds (¼ inch thick)
of back bacon

Split buns in half, toast under broiler. Spread thickly with mushroom soup; on each half place a slice of processed cheese, then a slice of tomato and top with a round of back bacon. Place under broiler, 4 to 6 inches from heat; cook until bacon is crisp and cheese melts. Serve with onion rings if desired, dill pickles or olives. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



Use **FRENCH PEA SOUP** with pancake mix



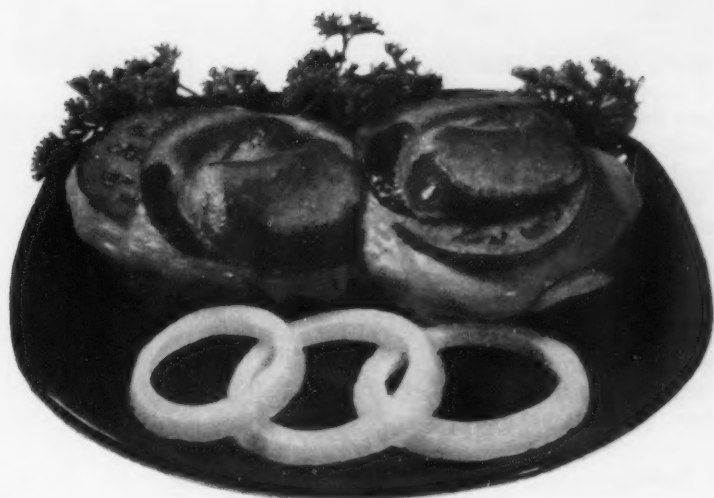
FROZEN POTATO SOUP makes Potato Nog

Every can or package of soup has a dozen ingredients—cleaned, cooked and ready to use whenever and however you want them. Make soup your cooking short cut and save hours all through the day

the clock



Mix **PEPPER POT SOUP** and rice for peppers



Spread **MUSHROOM SOUP** on Bacon Burger buns



DRIED ONION SOUP flavors Pork Stuffing

More recipes on page 36

CHATELAIN'S

Chatty Chipmunk



*brings you a puzzle,
a game, and clever gifts
to make for Christmas*

It isn't too soon to be thinking of getting our Christmas gifts ready either. Especially if you are planning to make them. I always think that is so nice. It is almost like sending a little piece of ourselves along with the gift. Here are a few ideas for your Pop or uncles. Next month I will have some things to make for your Mom and sisters.

This is very easy, but very useful too. It is a TIE RACK made from a wire coat hanger. Take the two ends of the hanger in your hands and hold it steady with your knee under the centre of the crossbar. Bend the two ends down and you will find that the crossbar folds up under the hook. Hold the hook in one hand and the bend of the crossbar in the other and pull them apart until they are at right angles to each other. Paint it, or wind on sticky colored tape, leaving little spaces for the hanger to show through — like tie stripes. It's so handy for ties, and belts, too.

This is easy too: a colored DESK BLOTTER. Buy some sheets of colored blotting paper (ten cents each) at the stationery store. Blotting paper comes in many colors and you can use any number. Even two colors make an attractive blotter that is handy to have and will last a long time. Cut a piece of blotting paper 5 inches wide and 10 inches long. Now cut five more pieces of different colors, each one 1/2 an inch smaller each way than the one before. Put them on top of each other, with the smallest on top so that there are nice neat borders of color showing. Fasten them together with a large push-through paper clip.

The third gift is really for Safety First — a used RAZOR-BLADE HOLDER. Take the cardboard roll from toilet tissue or cut a mailing tube down to 4 1/2 inches. Hold the tube upright on a piece of white paper and draw around it with a pencil. Cut around the edge from the outside of this mark, leaving a border of about 1/2 an inch. Make little cuts all around the edge from the outside of the pencil mark. Make two of these paper circles. In the centre of one make a slot about 1/4 inch wide and 1 inch long. Paste the circles to the open ends of the tube. You will find that the little cuts you make fold over and make a very neat join. At the top (where the slot is) paste a small loop of tape to the side of the tube so that it can be hung up on the wall. Cover the whole tube with white paper and make barber-pole stripes on it with red paint, ribbon or sticky tape.

Now we just have time for a pencil-dot game. And then I must go to see what the mailman has brought for me today. Good-bye for November, see you next month.

Your friend,

Hello Everybody,

Put your thinking caps on and do this little jumble poem with me.

The farmer gathers in the sheaves,
We have to rake and gather ELSEVA
The air grows colder every day,
Flowers have faded, skies are YERG
There is no merry hum of bees,
Some of us will start to ESENZE
There's no swimming anywhere,
Birds have flown, trees are EBRA
If you do not like November
Remember next month is CEEMBRED
Snow and skating weather bringing
Christmastime and carol-GNISGNI

Answer: DECEMBER SINGING
LEAVES GREY SNEEZE BARE



2 3
22 1 4 5 9

21 7 6
18 20 11

16 13

17

19 8 10
15 14

12

Chatty



and it tastes as good as it looks

Every piece of tender chicken and grain of fluffy rice is rich with the flavor of the golden chicken broth. So quick and easy to prepare . . . ready in four minutes.

Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup is a soup to serve often, so be sure to keep some handy all the time.

Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup



**21 kinds to choose from.
How many have you tried?**

Asparagus (Cream of)	Consommé
Bean with Bacon	French Canadian Pea
Beef	Green Pea
Beef Noodle	Mushroom (Cream of)
Bouillon	Onion
Celery (Cream of)	Ox Tail
Chicken (Cream of)	Scotch Broth
Chicken Gumbo	Tomato
Chicken Noodle	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Vegetable Beef
Clam Chowder	Vegetarian Vegetable

TEN TO GET

Rate yourself on these ten points of good grooming every day.

Insist on a perfect score—then go out and meet your public knowing you look your prettiest and best

By ROSEMARY BOXER *Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor*

GOOD GROOMING is the cornerstone of beauty. It should, ideally, be a habit, as natural as breathing. But only bad habits, it seems, come naturally. Good ones, meticulous grooming in particular, are more often the result of rigorous self-discipline—the kind that would do credit to an army drill sergeant. To help you cultivate the habit of good grooming I've drawn up a day-by-day and end-of-week check list and—most important of all—ten inspection points to make every morning before a full-length triple mirror.

Every Day: A.M. You're up, you're dressed and the car is at the door. Now stop. Stand in front of the mirror (full-length) and, with an eye as cruelly critical as you know your worst enemy's might be, work from head to toe checking off the ten points opposite. And remember that your public has a side and a back view, too. Be ruthless about clutter—discard all nonessentials. If you are wearing a low-cut dress, anchor all straps and underpinnings firmly out of sight. Then check your handbag for your

daily wants: make-up, in a plastic case; clean white handkerchief; fresh-up phial of perfume; miniature clothesbrush; comb.

Every Day: P.M. Fresh lingerie every day is no problem with quick-drying nylon, quick-sudsing detergents. Suds your unmentionables every night, and drop in your comb and powder puffs too. Buff your shoes as you take them off and tree them up. Do the same for your clothes with a quick flick with a stiff-bristled brush. Whisk around collars and necklines with a wad of cotton wool soaked in cleaning fluid to collect stale make-up, soil and oil.

Every Week: Extend the cleaning-fluid operation to encircle the inside headbands of your hats. Wax polish your handbag to a high gleam; prune its contents of all collected clutter and, if make-up has strayed over the inside, scrub it with a nail brush and detergent. Shoes: clean, polish and check for repairs. Gloves, too (suede brushed, calf and pigskin polished, fabric washed). Wash your girdle, and press and sponge skirts and dresses

Are you
one of these?



A CHRISTMAS TREE . . .

Mrs. X had a passion for jewelry (lots) and hats (large). For special dates, she buried herself beneath both.

Now, she's ruthless about clutter. Piles everything on—just for the fun—and then starts discarding. She changes her coal-scuttle hat for a small satin beret; her load of beads for a bright, striped scarf.



AN OSTRICH . . .

Miss P had her head in the sand—she couldn't see herself; thought no one else could either. Until, on her way to work one morning like this, she met (and lost) her Favorite Man.



Now, before leaving the house every morning, she checks her appearance in her new, full-length mirror. Wears calf pumps instead of down-trodden flats; calf handbag instead of unwieldy, wicker basket. She winds her stole, cowl-like, about her hair, and never wears curlers beyond her bedroom door.



A JACKDAW . . .

Mrs. Y could not resist color. "The brighter, the better," was her motto. If something "gay" caught her eye, she promptly put it on. The result: a walking jumble sale.

Now, more strong-minded, she cuts out all nonessentials. When she goes shopping, the orange, black-plumed hat stays at home, along with the cocktail shoes, the lime-green gloves and the plaid tote bag. Instead, she chooses a small velvet hat, white gloves, black pumps and purse.



READY

1 Hair: Watch for stray wisps and tendrils. Slick wayward "sideboards," unruly bangs into place with a few squirts from a hair-lacquer bottle. Make up under a candid overhead light or better still, daylight. Check for high-tide marks under the chin.

2 Jewelry: Should be small, bright accents and should match. Don't clash gold with silver, diamonds with gilt; keep pearls with pearls.

3 Neckline: Remember that make-up belongs on your face, hair on your head — and neither one on your collar. Keep a clothesbrush at hand. Use it after every session with comb, hair brush or powder puff.

4 Gloves: Immaculate. And beneath the gloves, immaculate hands—varnished, unchipped nails (bedtime, repair time). On non-varnish days, under-run with a white pencil.

5 Silhouette: Smooth, unwrinkled; no bumps or bulges. The means? A well-fitted girdle, bra or all-in-one.

6 Skirt: Watch this carefully. See that it, and its seams, hang straight as a plumb line. If it's blade narrow, line the back with silk to overcome that skirt horror, a baggy seat.

7 Side and back views: Special attention, please, to points One, Three, Five, Six and Nine. A triple mirror makes it easy, painless.

8 Hemline: You wouldn't, we know, walk out with a hemline that sagged, or swooped up and down—but what about the length? Should be fourteen inches from the ground—give or take an inch if you are tall or short.

9 Stockings: Seams straight, and dead centre? An old one, but still a pitfall. If you're a girl-with-a-job, keep a spare pair in your desk drawer against sudden runs. Legs look smoother, prettier if defuzzed.

10 Shoes: Should have a bright shine; heels on an even keel. Match shoes with handbag, in leather and color; calf with calf, patent with patent, suede with suede. Belts, other leather accessories too.

*Photograph courtesy
New York Dress Institute*

Look What's Happening
to Living

How two couples planned their furniture futures

By DORIS THISTLEWOOD
Chatelaine Home Planning Editor



When the James Hills married they moved into a two-room apartment on the third floor. "We decided," says Margaret Hill, whose husband is an artist, "to spend the five hundred dollars we had for furniture on bare essentials and buy things we really wanted—our Scandinavian table and chairs." The sofa bed was made by a friend. Bamboo blinds and a straw square rug were chosen for texture.

The Hills knew exactly what they wanted and bought it piece by piece

The Wards "made do" with temporary furniture, but bought quality in important pieces



Betty and Norman Ward, who is a travel agent, first moved to a one-room apartment with kitchen; but they had a sofa from Norman's bachelor days and chairs of Betty's for a start. Planning a traditional *décor*, their first permanent purchases were a good Indian rug and a pair of chests. Bookcases covered in marbled paper doubled as end tables; Betty made draperies and slip covers.





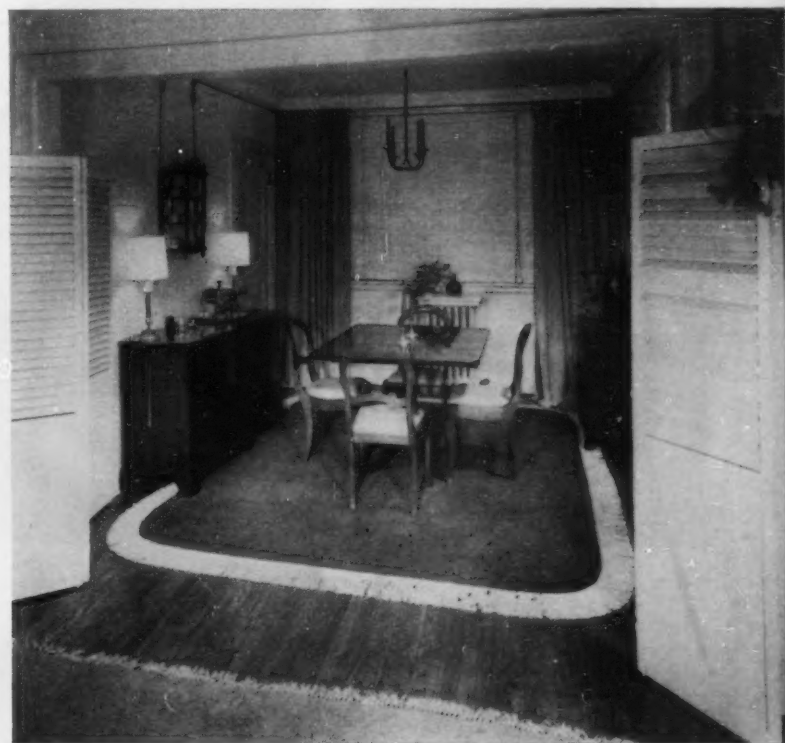
Two years after they were married the Hills moved into a five-room house. The two front rooms were combined into a living-dining room. They hung one of their bamboo blinds from ceiling hooks to provide an airy wall between the dining table and the kitchen door. Ugly windows are hidden behind shades of white silk painted with Japanese motifs by Jim. They sewed extra straw squares onto the original rug to make it fit.



The Hills' next big buy will be a slab sofa. Their original bed-lounge will move to a guest bedroom. In the meantime it provides comfortable seating for listening to their favorite records. Since moving, they've added a new desk, a chair and the pull-down, plastic light fixture over the dining-room table. A black wall, contrasted with large areas of white, makes a good foil for the straw and wood. *Continued on page 33*

In their new five-room apartment the original pieces blend successfully with new purchases. The reason—careful shopping and a simple color scheme built around the soft green Indian rug. Pink beige is used for walls, drapery and sofa, while chair covers combine beige, green, and the dark brown of the furniture. New end tables replace the bookcases, but the ottoman was a budget-saver bought at an auction and re-covered.

Their biggest bargain was the cinnamon dining-room rug which once graced the floor of a department store. Norman bought it for less than a dollar and finished it with upholstery fringe. The dining-room chairs, bought at an auction, were refinished and upholstered at home, and the ordinary veranda blinds painted beige look custom-made. The chests from the first apartment are now dining-room servers. *Continued on page 34*



IT'S RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES

Sylvania TV

WITH EXCLUSIVE
HALOLIGHT*



Beautiful Sylvania TV is right
before your eyes in a modern setting...adds to
viewing pleasure with the wonder that is HaloLight—
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The TEMPLETON



The CALUMET



The PEMBROKE



The HILLSBORO



The KELSEY



The DECATUR



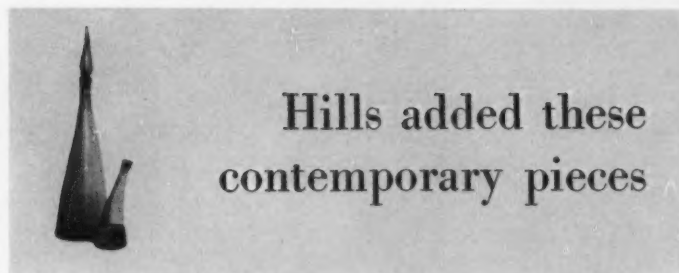
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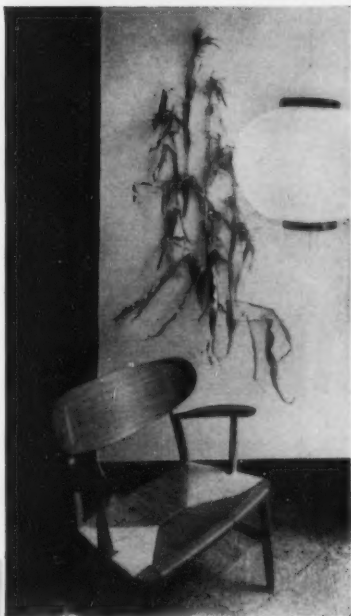
Ask your Northern Electric Dealer to Show you the New SYLVANIA RADIOS



Hills added these contemporary pieces

Continued from page 31

Jim Hill found these dried corn stalks not far from the Hills' suburban home and used them as a wall arrangement to give interest to a small corner in the dining room. The Japanese hanging lamp, which blends with the plastic globe over the table, was bought from an importer for less than ten dollars and wired by an electrician.



One of Jim's paintings hangs over a table made by him from an old weathered mahogany plank. Thin legs made from metal rods in a simple Y shape are a pleasant contrast against the white wall. Hand-made ceramics are in the accent color —turquoise.



The Hills' latest purchase, this handsome desk, sits in a corner of the living room. The waste basket under it is in heavy textured straw. The beaded curtain in the archway was made at a party the Hills gave. The guests were invited to bring along some beads and strung them on wire during the evening.

More furniture futures on next page



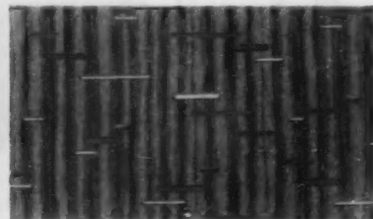
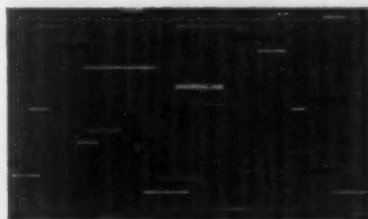
"Jackstraw" with grey background (No. 809) comes 2, 3 and 4 yards wide.

IT'S THE NEW FLOOR FASHION!

"Jackstraw"

THE NEW GOLD SEAL PATTERN

"JACKSTRAW" is so gay and modern and so long-wearing! See, too, how the pattern draws your eye across the floor... makes any room look *bigger* as well as more beautiful. For only a few dollars you can have this new Gold Seal pattern on any floor. Only Congoleum has the 8-coat-thick *Wear Layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel*. And it carries the famous Gold Seal guarantee of satisfaction. See "Jackstraw" and all the other smart Gold Seal patterns at your floor covering dealer's soon. Write for *free booklet* showing all Gold Seal patterns and many helpful decorating hints.



"Jackstraw" comes in 6 background colours. Grey, Beige (No. 807), Green (No. 810), 2, 3 and 4 yds. wide. Also Red (No. 811), Charcoal (No. 806) illustrated above, and Blue (No. 808), 2 and 3 yds. wide.



GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED

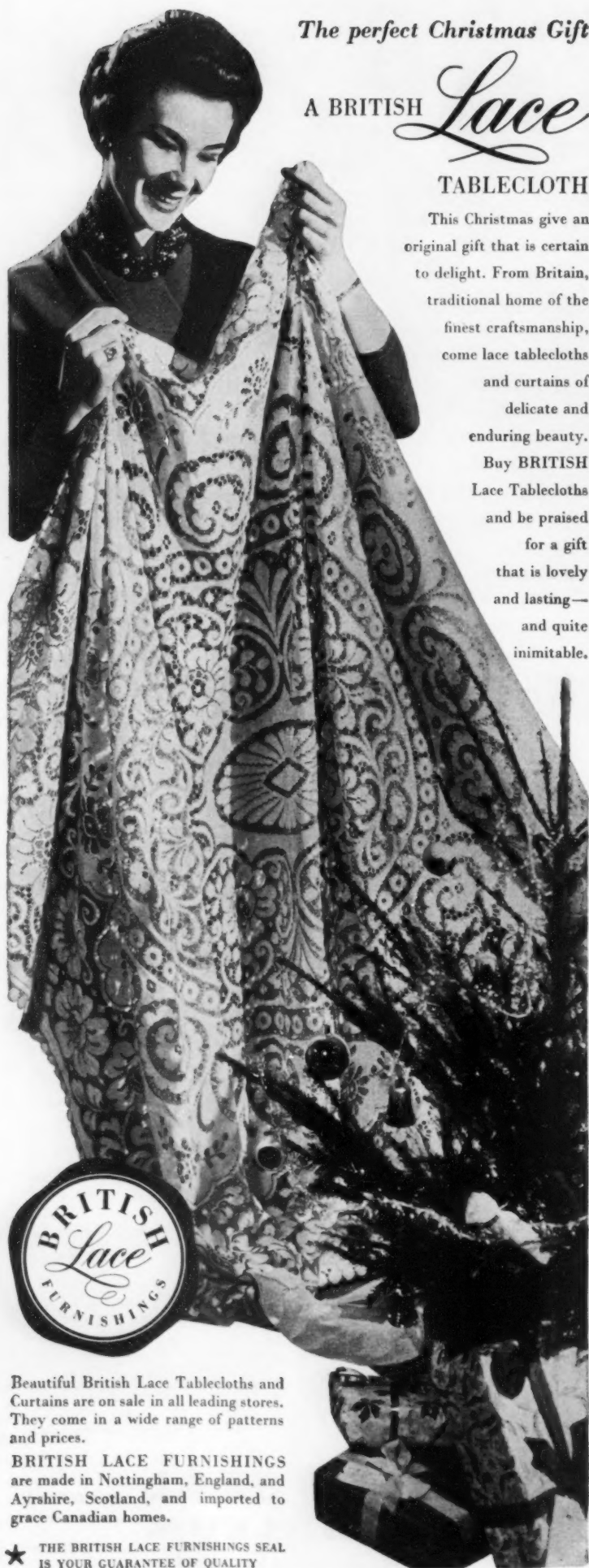
3700 St. Patrick
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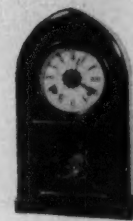
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The Wards built a traditional scheme



Continued from page 31



The two bookcases covered in marble paper, which the Wards used as end tables, are now placed side by side in a small hall. The floor is covered by cotton scatter rugs.

Guest-room beds are two fold-up roll-aways. The headboards were covered by Norman in a cotton print. The all-in-one lamp-table is painted the wall color.



Betty and Norman's bedroom has accents in soft turquoise corduroy velvet which is used to cover an ugly old table and the headboard. A battered leather lamp was given a velvet cover and a fringe base. The bedspread is pale cream hobnail.



A simple unpainted chest was lacquered black for the bedroom. For further glamour they added the handsome gold-framed mirror, made from the frame of a watercolor painting. +

#952 (medium length), #953 (long length). Strong leno elastic sides, down-stretching satin elastic back. White. \$16.50. The bra—#2076 at \$2.95.



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SAVE TIME WITH SOUP ALL AROUND THE CLOCK

Continued from page 25

Brunch — Soup flavors two hearty dishes

TOMATO SCRAMBLE

Melt enough butter in frying pan to cover bottom. Break as many eggs as desired into small dish one at a time; slide into frying pan. Add 1 tablespoon tomato soup for each egg used, pepper, seasoning salt and few drops of Tabasco. Stir constantly, letting eggs scramble slowly over low heat.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

OLD-TIMER'S SCRAPPLE

1 onion, chopped	1 cup tomato soup
1 carrot, chopped	1 cup water
1 cup corn meal	Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon sugar	Butter

Thoroughly combine onion, carrot, corn meal and sugar with the soup and water. Add salt and pepper. Cook on low heat for about 45 minutes, until very thick. Pack into a well-greased loaf pan or round baking-powder tin. Chill; turn out. Slice and fry slowly in butter. Serve alone or with bacon, sausages, ham or eggs. Serves 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Lunch is easy with soup as a mixer

HAMBURG HASH

1 pound hamburger	1 cup water
1 can red kidney beans	¼ cup dried onion soup
1 can kernel corn	½ to 1 teaspoon chili powder
1 (10-ounce) can beef broth	

Brown hamburger, adding some fat if necessary. Add remaining ingredients and stir well. Simmer slowly, uncovered, for about 30 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HOLOPCHIE

8 cabbage leaves	Salt and pepper
1 can consommé	½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup rice	2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 pound ground beef	
½ cup cream of chicken soup	

Cover cabbage leaves with boiling water for three minutes or until soft. Bring ½ cup consommé to a boil, add rice, set aside until thickened. Combine meat, rice, chicken soup, salt and pepper and sauce. Divide into 8 portions and place on cabbage leaves. Roll each one and secure with string or toothpicks. Brown rolls in a little fat, sprinkle with brown sugar, add remaining consommé and cook, covered, on low heat for about 2 hours. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CELERY SOUP SALAD

To 4 cups diced, cooked potatoes add 3 tablespoons chopped chives or green onion, ½ (10-ounce) can celery soup, 2 teaspoons vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Toss until thoroughly blended. If desired, add hard-cooked egg, celery pieces or radish slices. Serves 6 to 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

These dinners are quick and different

DE LUXE FISH BAKE

1 to 1½ pounds fish fillets (haddock, halibut, perch or pickerel)
1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon mustard
Salt and pepper

Wipe fillets with damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in shallow bake dish. Place soup in bowl, allow to thaw slightly; stir in milk and mustard. Pour over fillets; bake in 325 deg. F. oven for about 30 minutes. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BRAISED LIVER WITH VEGETABLES

½ pound beef liver sliced
¼ cup flour
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons butter or dripping
1 cup sliced onions
½ cup julienned celery
1 can vegetable soup
¼ cup water
¾ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Coat liver in combined flour, salt and pepper. Melt fat in frying pan; brown liver, onions and celery. Add soup, water and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and cook on very low heat for about 40 minutes or until liver is tender. If calf's liver is used, reduce cooking time to about 20 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Quick treats with soup for family and friends

ASPARAGUS AND HAM SHORTCAKE

4 individual short-cakes
1 can asparagus soup
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
1 (1-inch-thick) slice cooked ham
2 hard-cooked eggs

Heat soup and milk, stir in sugar and dry mustard. Dice ham and 1 egg, add to sauce. Split shortcakes, pour part of sauce over, add top halves and pour on remaining sauce. Garnish with slices of remaining egg. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MOCK CHICKEN SCALLOP

¾ pound cooked pork or veal
2 cans chicken noodle soup
Milk
2 slightly beaten eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
½ cup cereal flakes
3 tablespoons melted butter

Put cooked meat through food chopper (medium blade) or electric blender. Drain liquid from soup, add milk to yield 1¼ cups liquid. Combine liquid, noodles from soup, eggs, salt and pepper with meat. Place in greased casserole, cover and set in pan containing 1 inch of hot water. Bake in 350 deg. F. oven for about 1 hour. Remove lid, sprinkle combined cereal flakes and butter on top, continue cooking for 15 minutes. Serve with sauce made by heating a can of mushroom soup with 1 cup milk. Serves 5 to 6. +

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PILKINGTON GLASS LIMITED — BRANCHES COAST TO COAST

THE FIRE OF MIDSUMMER'S EVE

Continued from page 23

pumps. My hope chest filling month by month with linens. Life was dreamy, beautiful, sad and lovely. I knew all about it. It was going on forever.

That May evening was like every evening. Ordinary. Placid. Familiar. The whistling of crickets. And moths making a bumbling sound, beating against the screen door as the year turned over toward Midsummer's Eve. My mother bent her wheat-colored braided head over her sewing, holding the work to the circle of light from the red-shaded lamp. Her sewing basket on the wooden table beside her glowed like a basket of jewels... the yarn, the spools of colored thread. My father lay relaxed in the Morris chair, reading aloud from the National Geographic. His shirt was open at the throat. His right hand which wore the gold wedding ring to match my mother's, rubbed at his dandelion hair while he read. On the wall hung the clover prints. An early fly buzzed, caught under the window shade. The whistle of the train mourned over the prairie.

An ordinary evening. Soon Freddie's voice would call my name from under the apple tree and my father would stop reading and, putting his finger carefully to mark the place, would look up and grin and say, "Well, Missy." My mother would not look up. But the corners of her mouth would tuck in as they always did, in a secret smile. Later

there would be limeade, the ice crackling in tall glasses. It was going on forever.

But the doorbell buzzed impatiently and Dr. Thorsen's voice rocked through the house.

"Anyone home? I've brought a visitor." The screen door slammed. His heavy footsteps splintered down the hallway, accompanied by breathless young laughter and the tap-tap of high heels. So I knew it wasn't Bud, Dr. Thorsen's assistant, who came with him sometimes to visit us and whom I liked because he looked like an older, taller Freddie, with the same dark hair and eyes, the same serious, intent face.

"Here! Folks, I've brought you the new postmistress. Miss Ann Saul. Say hello, Miss Saul." Dr. Thorsen wiped his red face with a handkerchief and laughed. "Whew! Hot already. It's going to be another scorcher!"

Her face came just up to the clover prints. Short black curls lay damp against her cheeks. She wore emerald earrings and her eyes were emerald. Her smile was like summer.

"Hello," said Ann Saul.

My father put aside the Geographic, marking the place with his finger, and stood up slowly. He was tall, but he seemed to grow taller. His chin went up. He was not sunburned yet but his skin never lost the stain of the sun. He and Ann Saul looked at each other and their glances snarled together. I turned away, startled. My mother folded her sewing neatly and put it aside, and as she rose to greet her guest, I saw she had seen what I had seen.

"You are not Norwegian," said my father, his voice flat. It was a statement of fact, not a question. She looked



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foreign, dark, small, beside my tall blond mother, my big blond father. Beside Dr. Thorsen, big as a stable, with blond Norwegian skin, although his hair was only a memory.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jansen. Daughter Missy." Dr. Thorsen's voice thundered cheerfully. "I've been telling her, we're mostly Norwegian here. But she's more than welcome, more than welcome. She's taking over Mrs. Disch's job—no trouble there. Her dad was postmaster back where she comes from. Right, Miss Saul? Only thing is, along with the job goes the presidency of the Boy Scouts' Stamp Club, and she says she's in trouble. Doesn't know a Danish twopenny, if there is such, from a Nigerian postcard. Can't read the foreign print. Can't identify the countries. So!" Dr. Thorsen took fresh wind, breathing heavily and happily upon us. "I brought her along to you folks. Mr. Jansen, there, and his daughter, they're great travelers. Never yet shook the prairie dust from their feet, but in their minds they've been abroad a score of times. They'll know all about Helvetia and such places." Dr. Thorsen threw himself into a chair, creaking and laughing, mopping at his face.

Ann Saul looked straight at my father. "No, I am not Norwegian. I am," her shoulders moved under the silk blouse, "from the Yukon."

"Yukon!" My father's lips turned the word in his mouth like summer fruit and I experienced with him the pleasure and envy, as outside our windows the flat prairies churned and humped, rising into mountains razor-sharp, capped with snow, and the sky became blue ice, foreign, and strange to our eyes. The Yukon!

Dr. Thorsen slapped his hand against his round knee. "I've been telling her about Midsummer's Eve. There'll be lots of young men to dance with then, hey? Par-tic-u-lar-ly, my assistant." Visibly, he restrained himself from nudging her in the ribs.

My mother's loud clear laughter rang on the hot air. "Sit down, Miss Saul. Sit down. And welcome."

Slowly, Ann Saul turned her eyes away from my father's eyes. It was as if she were asleep. At last she smiled and, her heels tap-tapping on the floor, went over to stand beside my mother.

"Mrs. Jansen? I hope we will be—friends."

"Ha!" said Dr. Thorsen. "We're all friends here. All friends. Whew, it's hot for May!"

The tension snapped. I heard Freddie's voice call my name from under the apple tree. My father looked at me and grinned and said, "Well, Missy." My mother's mouth tucked in at the corners. I forgot my premonition of storm. The heads of the prairie grass turned up again. It was going on forever. I ran outside, calling, "Freddie! Freddie!" and forgot a small pointed white face and emerald eyes.

The next day was hot. That afternoon after school, Freddie and I wandered to the centre of town and sat down on the rim of the fountain, grateful for the sound of its splashing which made us feel cool. The sunlight burned our arms. Already, people were saying, "It's going to be another scorcher. Bad year for the wheat. It'll be another scorcher."

After a while we were going into Johansen's Pharmacy for a Coke. Mean-

while, we lounged on the rim of the fountain. Freddie was telling me about when Mozart was a boy. I listened idly, sketching a skirt I wanted to make for Midsummer's Eve—rhubarb-colored, full enough to swing crisply against my legs when I danced. Women busy with late-afternoon shopping hurried past, their high heels clicking against the pavement. White pumps, blue pumps. Pumps slick as red licorice. It was not these I wanted. But black patent leather with grosgrain bows on the toes.

I glanced up and saw my father.

Half a head taller than anyone else, he was pushing through the crowds. I felt obscurely guilty, I can't think why. Only he never came to town on a weekday. I jumped. And one of my colored pencils fell plop in the fountain.

My hand groping, splashing for the pencil, I looked after him and saw him stride, big, blond, tall, his hair colored like dandelions, into the post office.

Freddie yawned. "Let's go have a Coke," he said. "Then let's go over

to the Lutheran Church. The kids are making plans for Midsummer's Eve."

"Already? It's not June yet." I dried my pencil on my hanky. "Anyway, I think I have a headache. I'm going home."

Freddie stared. "Without a Coke?"

"Give me my books, Freddie please. I'm going home."

The house was cool and dark after the hot May afternoon sun. My mother was in the kitchen, sprinkling clothes. She looked up at me and smiled, but



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didn't say anything. She never said very much. She seldom touched me. When I brought home good grades, she would only smile, the corners of her mouth tucked in, and nod once.

It was hard to talk to my mother. Oh, if I asked her for a recipe, she would give it to me. If I wanted to learn how to embroider, she would show me, patiently, skillfully. Or teach me how to can fruit. Or how to quilt. But when, as now, I had a question in my heart, a question whose answer would not be in terms of measurement or in the skill of womanly fingers, then it seemed to me her silence was a wall between us. I could not think how to phrase what I wanted to say to her. Or whether she could answer me, if she were willing. I watched her helplessly.

She shook the bottle over the shirts, folding each one neatly, singing under her breath. It was a song she often sang. I don't know where she learned it. I forget the words, but the chorus began, "She ran away with a travelin' man." I don't think it was meant to be sad but it always made me feel unhappy, seeing in my mind the girl and the travelin' man, running away together across the prairies, dwindling into the distance, small and infinitely sad.

"Where's Freddie?" She pushed the cookie jar toward me.

"I left him at the fountain."

"Nancy Thorsen will get him." Her braids were damp with perspiration and there were little drops on her blond skin, along her mouth.

The cookie was delicious on my tongue but I could not savor it.

"Did you quarrel?"

"No."

My mother sprinkled and folded, sprinkled and folded. The smell of the apple blossoms outside the window and the smell of clean clothes melted together.

She stood up and fitted her hands over her hips, looking at me.

"I saw father in town," I blurted out.

"He was going into the post office."

Her eyes did not change. She went on looking at me. "You heard. He's to help her with the stamp club."

"Not on a Tuesday," I said stubbornly. "That's Saturday afternoons the Scouts meet. At the Lutheran Church, not at the post office."

"You're fifteen years old," she said. That meant nothing to me. I frowned at her.

Her strong arms swung the basket of sprinkled clothes to the floor.

"It's time you learned," she said, untying her apron. "It's time you opened your eyes to see. And to cry. It's time you learned how it is to be a woman. Now go study. I'll call you when I want help with dinner."

Friday afternoon Ann Saul came again to our house in a buttercup dress and little white shoes. She looked into my mother's eyes and my mother looked steadily back at her. Then they sat down together side by side on the couch, drinking thick black coffee—just as if she were any woman, come to visit my mother on a hot May afternoon.

My mother told her a little about our town, and how we cling to some of the Norwegian customs. She told her about Midsummer's Eve, about the bonfires and the dancing and picnicking. I broke in to tell what my father had told me, about how it all looks different when they celebrate in Norway, because of the mountains and the fiords, and how over there they set fire to old rowboats and the boats float away on the black night water, as beautiful as Christmas trees, moving along on top of their rosy reflections.

Ann Saul listened and asked questions.

"I like that," she said. "That sounds nice."

My mother went to the kitchen to fix a plate of *smaakaker* and Ann Saul came over and sat down beside me. I was sewing a pillowcase for my hope

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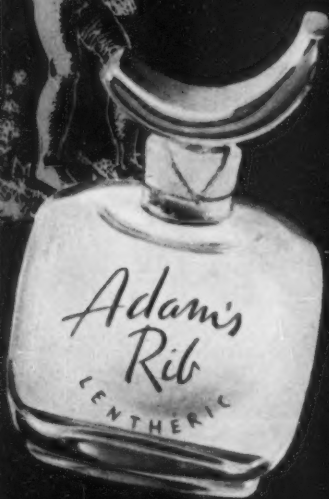
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chest. I didn't take such tiny stitches as my mother, but Ann Saul complimented me. Some people are just flattering, they want to be nice. You can tell by their voices. But she meant what she said.

She was so pretty and smelled like hyacinths. When she touched my pillowcase, her finger tips were not needle-pocked like my mother's and mine but smooth and white. I liked her. I thought of taking her upstairs and showing her my hope chest, with the rose-maling on the top that my father had painted, all moss-green and amber, dull blue and black, and the keyhole outlined in gold. I thought of telling her about Freddie and how he wanted to be a composer. I wished she would tell me about the Yukon and about the wolves and grizzlies there. She reminded me of a sister.

Then we looked up and saw my father in the doorway. It was much too early for him to come in from the field. His skin was burned red.

Ann Saul jumped up and her coffee cup spun over onto the braided rug. She dropped to her knees, mopping at the stain with a hanky no bigger than a doll's. She did not make a noise in her throat like crying, but her cheeks were wet and her eyes.

"Here, here," said my mother. "It was an accident. Don't bother."

"I was just going."

My father's shirt was open, showing his throat burned red. He said drowsily, as if he had been wakened out of a nap, "I'll take you home."

"No!" Ann Saul's voice was angry. "I came for tea. To talk." Crouched on her knees, her yellow skirt spilled out about her, she looked up at my mother and the tears kept running down her cheeks. "I'm going home now. I'm going home."

"Well," My mother smoothed her apron. "He could stop at the store for me, I need cream for the berries tonight."

I stared at her. At Ann Saul. At my father. The prairie grass...

"I am going home. Alone. Thank you." She ran out the door, her little white shoes tapping against the floor.

My father looked at my mother as if he were asleep. "I'll just take her home," he said. He turned, frowning, as if he did not know the way. As if the house were unfamiliar, and he did not know how to leave. As if he were drugged or drunken.

The days went toward Midsummer's Eve.

The blossoms fell from the apple tree and lay for a while like pink snow on the ground until the hot winds blew them away. Dust spiraled around the house.

Every morning my father went to the field. His skin was burned scarlet. He did everything he had always done only he did not read any more. And there was always this difference about him—that he behaved as if he were asleep or as if he had been suddenly awakened from a nap and did not know where he was. He made me feel lonely, as if he had gone away from us.

I felt a distaste for Freddie. I forgot about my hope chest. Swinging in the hammock, I reread all my old books. East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Askeladden. The troll stories in the Asbjornsen and Moe collections. I



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by Doreen Walker



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You'll look your prettiest, dancing in this romantic gown. This is the season for the flattery of full, sweeping skirts and beautifully décolleté bodices. Unquestionably you'll use a 16-inch Lightning Fastener in this dress. The lightness and wafer thinness of a Lightning Fastener always assures you of flawless, inconspicuous zipper closings and gives you sewing a professional look.



Party going?—what luck! Here is Fashion's idea (and ours) of an enchanting evening dress. A portrait neckline, prettily collared, and swirling skirt drifting down from a slim hipline.

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missed the twins and their noise. At night the whistle of the train mourned over the prairies, sad, sad. "She ran away with a travelin' man."

Now in the evenings my mother and I sat alone at the wooden table, in the circle of light thrown by the red-shaded lamp. Moths beat at the screen door with a bumbling sound. I read all the back issues of the Geographic—about Norway and Alaska, Finland, the Antarctic—faraway places where there was snow and glacial ice. But it was lonely, traveling by myself. And my mother was so rooted. So firm and immovable. She was so... at home. She could not understand the excitement of jungle growth, of bougainvillea, who coaxed orange zinnias and yellow-eyed daisies out of the dust behind our house. I sighed, wishing she was the kind you could talk to.

"Where is Freddie?"

"Freddie! I hate Freddie!" I put my head down on the cool, crisp-smelling pages of the Geographic; my tears ran down my nose to mottle the print.

My mother sewed quietly. "Missy," she said at last, "do you know truly why you cry?"

"Because. Because," I said, "there's no one to hate. No one to hate." My beloved father. Ann Saul, who had come to have tea like any other woman and had meant to leave in time. Freddie, who had done nothing. My unhappy self.

My mother put her thimble finger cool and prickly against my wet cheek. When I looked up she was smiling, the corners of her mouth tucked in. She nodded once.

I had to know. "Do you hate?"

"Only when people won't try."

I wanted to ask, "Are they trying?" But it was none of my business and anyway, I didn't think she'd answer. Her face was placid, bent to her sewing. I watched her hopelessly.

The screen door slammed. My father came in, his shoulders sagging wearily, the sleep look still in his eyes.

"Well, Missy," he said. He tried to grin, but he was too tired.

He went over to my mother and knelt at her feet and put his head in her lap. She looked down at the dandelion hair, at the sunburned neck, and fitting her hands over his head, rocked back and forth, singing under her breath.

The heat began early now. By six in the morning the hard-packed earth was hot to bare feet. On the hall table, the June Geographic lay in its brown wrapper, untouched. There was a fine film of dust on it.

Every day drew closer to Midsummer's Eve.

As the month went on, meetings were held more and more often—the Lutheran church groups, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, the Women's Club, the Young People's Association. School ended and I stayed away from them all. I stayed away from town, from the kids. From the post office. I stayed away from knowing. A group of the boys drove north with Dr. Thorsen's assistant to get firewood and Freddie stopped by to tell me, to ask me to go along. I shook my head and turned away, my toes tracing the dust outside the house. There was something about Freddie I didn't like.

"Nancy Thorsen will get him," said my mother.

In the afternoons I lay in the ham-



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mock back of the house, my mind a blank while yellow bees swooped over my head. I did not think about beautiful maidens dying young or about black pumps with grosgrain bows on the toes or about what if my mother were to bake and call me in for cake and iced buttermilk. I did not think about Midsummer's Eve. I did not think about Freddie.

The heat grew until it was stretched out like some giant balloon.

June 22, the day before Midsummer's Eve, the weather snapped. In the afternoon, I saw the heads of the prairie grass bend flat, the color changing from yellow-grey to white, and I knew. Early in the evening, the first drops of rain splattered in the dust, making marks like tiny suns. The world grew dark.

My mother was setting yeast dough to rise in the kitchen.

"Mother, please!" I cried. "Please, make it stop!"

My mother wiped her hands, then

fitted them at her waist and looked at me.

"You are old enough. You are not a baby. You are old enough to learn that sometimes a spring wind blows up out of the west and your world falls apart."

"I want it to be nice," I cried. "I want it to be easy!"

"It is often nice. It is seldom easy. You must learn."

Hard! Hard and cruel! I turned away from her and sinking into a chair

pressed my hands to my face. Rain flooded along the gutters, thundered down the spout, and drummed into the rain barrel. The smell of rain blew through the open kitchen door. I felt my heart splinter like glass, the broken edges cruelly sharp.

A chair squeaked over the clean linoleum and her arms went about me.

"Missy, Missy. Vennen min." Her voice was soft. "From this you will learn. With tears you learn. And heartache."

"Learn what?" I cried. "Learn what?"

"To be a woman."

I burrowed my head into her starch-smelling shoulder as I had not done for years.

"Can't you do something? Can't you stop it?"

"Who can stop the wheat sprouting? The bull roaring?"

I pulled away from her, horrified. Her words sounded coarse and ugly in my ears.

"Ah," said my mother. She folded her hands in her lap and looked at me.

"Such a prude! So strait-laced! So good, so all-knowing! I should have come to you for help."

Then her arms went about me again, rocking me in the bright light of the kitchen while the rain poured outside.

"What," she asked, "do you think is my duty to you who are my daughter? To spin you a golden hive and put you inside and sit forever fanning away the bees with my hands? No, no. There, hidden away from the sunlight, you would die. You are fifteen. You must come out, Missy. You will be stung. You will cry. But the sunlight is warm on your skin and healthy. The stings will heal."

"And then you get stung again," I said sullenly.

"Yes." She laughed her loud clear laughter. "And those too will heal." She shrugged. "So it is."

"Anyway," I said, "I'm not going to Midsummer's Eve."

"Oh, yes. You will go. I am going and you will go."

Midsummer's Eve, the sun came up red and hot. The earth steamed for a while and then it dried and cracked again and it was as if there had been no rain. All day long the kids ran past the house, on their way to the campsite. Women trudged by, carrying covered baskets. Cars filled with firewood rattled along the road, dust blowing so high that the big trestles for the picnic tables, lashed to the tops of the cars, seemed to move by themselves, buoyed up on the dust.

The house was full of the heat of the stove and the smell of baking cake. The smell of egg salad, of potato salad. I made lemonade and put it in quart jars and stood the jars in water in the sink to keep cool. Just like in other years. Because it was a holiday, my father came in early from the field, burned brown over the red. His throat was the color of cinnamon. His hair was bleached pale as cream. He wandered around the house once as if he were drunken or drugged. Or as if he were asleep. He looked at me and said, "Well, Missy."

"Why don't you go ahead?" asked my mother. "We'll meet you there."

For a moment, the sleep haze disappeared from his eyes. He looked at my mother. She looked back calmly, rolling up the sleeves of her dress.

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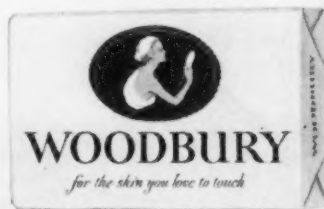
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"Well." He rubbed at his forehead, frowning, as if there were something he had forgotten. "Well, all right, then."

Together, my mother and I packed the baskets. I put on the skirt I had worn last year. Blue and grey gingham, it was really too small for me and childish. I thought, Nancy Thorsen.

At eight o'clock it was still light, still hot. My mother and I started out, the wicker of the baskets digging into our arms. The leaves of the apple tree, washed clean yesterday, were drooping again, heavy with dust. Our feet stirred up puffs of dust.

Already, we could see one bonfire glowing in the distance. Someone could not wait for the full dark. Or maybe it was for supper. Hot dogs. Baked potatoes. Coffee.

At the campsite the crowds of laughing faces were wet with perspiration. The girls wore bright dirndls. The men's shirts were open on brown throats. Wooden tables had been set up and women bent over them, setting out the relishes, shooing away flies. Children wailed, wanting their supper.

I saw my father, big, powerful, beloved, stacking wood for one of the bonfires. He smiled at me sleepily. My eyes scurried like mice until I found her. Away on the other side, her small white hands slicing pickles. Ann Saul. A billowing dirndl. A white blouse with puffed sleeves pulled down over the shoulders. Crisp black curls. She was surrounded by other women. My mother took the basket from my arms and went to join them, all the smiling faces turning in welcome.

I went off to the edge of the prairie and sat down, my knees up, my head pillowed on my arms. As the sun sank a breeze came up slow as a cat, creeping along through the prairie grass to tickle my hair against my face.

Freddie came over and looked down at me. "Dance with me later?"

I shook my head no, not looking at him. He stood there silently for a minute before he left, his sneakered feet patting away on the dust.

The sun went down. The sky darkened. It was cool. In the west, the first star appeared as suddenly as a match striking. There was a roar of approval, and applause, and I looked to see the first bonfire flame up like a flower. Then the second. And the third, the fourth. It was beautiful. Really, it was beautiful. The smoke from the fires blossomed up to heaven. Someone had brought an accordion and the twanging music rolled across the prairie like a mist. I could feel the music in my nose. I stood up stiffly and went to watch.

My mother's eyes were bright in the firelight.

"Missy? The dancing's beginning."

My father stood by one of the fires, his head bent, his arms folded. The firelight set his head aflame with color. Ann was over on the other side of the site, sitting cross-legged on the ground. A child sprawled dirty and limp across her lap. Her bare shoulders glowed rosy in the firelight.

I said, "I wish there were no men."

"A world with just women? Pooh!" My mother laughed her loud clear laughter and when Dr. Thorsen came over, immense, mopping at his face, she went with him.

Accordion music twanged cheerfully

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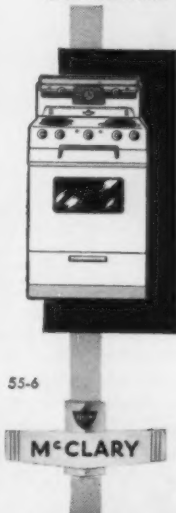


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across the prairie. Firelight flickered over the dancers. The men and women did not touch. Hands on hips they danced, their feet slip-slipping, sliding in and out as they turned, the women's bright skirts flitting about their legs. Circling round and round, they were held only by their eyes. Eye to eye, gaze to gaze, they turned, pivoting on the balls of their feet.

Freddie and that little Nancy Thorsen. My mother and the doctor. Bud, Dr. Thorsen's assistant, looking like an

older taller Freddie, with one of the Johansen girls. Smiling wet faces. Spinning skirts. Accordion music. Leaping fires. The smell of food and woodsmoke. Midsummer's Eve.

They came together at last. I did not see it happen. Suddenly, they were there, my father and Ann Saul. She did not know these dances. Her feet were uncertain. Every now and then she laughed sleepily. But her eyes did not stir from my father's eyes, nor his from hers. Sad, mournful, the train

whistled over the slumbering prairie.

I stood up, brushing the dust from my skirt, and touched my mother's arm as she went past.

"I'm going home. I'll be at home."

My mother stopped, patting at her braids. "You'll miss the moon coming up and the singing. You'll miss the pole dance when they try to kick the hat..."

"I don't care. I've seen it all a hundred times. I'm going home."

"Have you eaten?"

"I'm not hungry. I have a headache."

I just wanted to tell you that..."

"All right," said my mother. "We'll both go home."

She went to pick up the empty baskets, then stopped and cast her eyes over the dancers until she found my father and Ann Saul. She went to him and touched his shoulder.

He stopped and dragging his gaze from Ann Saul, turned to look at her. His feet went on making tiny dance steps, slipping and sliding over and over on the hard-packed earth.

"Missy has a headache. We're going home. If you like when you get done dancing, come back home and have lemonade with us. You and Miss Saul."

How could she! Not in our house! I wanted to cry. No! Not with the clover prints. The red-shaded lamp. The yellow piles of Geographics.

Ann Saul closed her eyes. Then she opened them. They were like wet emeralds.

"You are going home," said my father sleepily. His feet kept moving in and out, over and over. He rubbed at his forehead as if he too had a headache. The wedding ring on his hand was red gold. "Sigrid. I had something to tell you. Something. But I can't remember."

The music stopped for a moment while the accordion player, cross-legged on the ground, groped behind him for his glass. Riding up on the waves of laughter came Bud, Dr. Thorsen's assistant, to stand behind Ann Saul and fit his hand lightly over her bare shoulder. His jeans hung low on thin hips. His hair was dark, like Freddie's, and his eyes dark, and the tender flesh beside and beneath his eyes was smooth as Ann Saul's finger tips.

My father looked at him and at Ann, then at my mother and me, his lips moving as if he were working out a difficult problem in algebra. Or like the counting-out games we used to play when I was little. Eenie meenie. One potato, two potato. Someone always got left out, at the end of it.

Then my father's lips stilled and he raised his eyes, staring out over the flat prairie, dark under the night sky. For miles and miles it stretched, until it reached the lighter horizon which went forever around us like a silver belt. Wherever you looked, you could see only prairie grass, whispering, stirring. Only prairie grass—as far as the silver line which marked the end of flat earth, the beginning of flat sky.

And at last I knew what it was his sleepy eyes saw, and we who had been estranged were close again. I recognized that look of longing. It was familiar to me. Superimposed on the flat earth, my father saw tall, razor-sharp mountains, capped with snow. The wet green of jungles. China, with its yellow sands. Cool blue water, crisp with waves, alive with silvery pink fish. The black fiords of Norway. All the throat-catching places of the world. The miraculous difference of foreign places. The beautiful lands. All the wonderful countries of the world which he had never seen and now would never see as long as he lived.

His eyes dropped and his glance fell light and warm on Ann Saul and the young man whose hand cupped her shoulder. The flesh crinkled along his eyes as he smiled, a smile of such sweetness that I turned away. Fifteen is too old to cry in public.

My mother leaned forward, the empty



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baskets swinging on her arms, and touched my father's shoulders with her hands.

"We'll be at home, Missy and I." She spoke very slowly, very distinctly, as she sometimes did to the twins, and her voice was low and living. "We'll be at home."

We walked home through the coolness, not speaking.

She fixed me a sandwich, which I couldn't eat for the soreness in my throat, and a glass of limeade. I sat listlessly, shaking the glass in my hand, listening to the ice crackle, while she washed out the sticky quart jars.

"Missy." Her hand, still damp from the dishwater, curved around my cheek. "All is not gone. Love remains. And hope." She bent her wheat-colored head and rested it warm against my own. "A woman," she said, softly, "makes chains to hold her man. Good food, a clean house, children, a place where he can be himself and relax. She binds little chains about him, with love. She thinks they will hold. And then one day—just like that—the chains snap. And she is left with nothing but her love for that man. That's why you have to be sure. Because of the times when your hands are empty and your house and your heart. Because of the times when all you have left is your love."

I put my hand to cover hers and her fingers twisted around so that our hands were clasped tight together.

Suddenly, from beyond the open window, we heard the shout of my father's voice, extravagant with joy.

"Sigrid!"

My mother ran to the window and pulled aside the crisp curtain. I looked

past her shoulder. In the light of the rising moon, my father leaped through the grass, reeling. His hands to his mouth, he halloed, "Sigrid!"

My mother's mouth tucked in at the corners, and she put her hands to her braids, smoothing them. Then she shook down her sleeves and pulled off her apron. She went to the screen door and waited.

He leaped across the yard and up the steps like a boy, like Freddie. "Sigrid! I have been stupid. But now—no more!" His eyes were bright and wide-awake.

She looked down at him. There was no anger or hurt on her face. Only love and pride and respect. She nodded once.

"Ah, my darling!" he said. "Vennen min! Come dance with me at Midsummer's Eve!"

She put her fingers on the screen door, hesitating, then opened it and went out. Hand in hand, they began to run. My mother's loud clear laughter rolled back to me where I stood lonely, at the top of the steps. Under the apple tree they stopped to kiss.

I looked at them, my parents, their shadows moving in the skim-milk patches of moonlight, and I knew that to love is all. That is all there is. To be loved is much. But to love is all. I felt envy. I ached to be a woman.

With the pain, yes. With the heartache and the hurt. With the knowledge that sometimes out of the west, in the damp-smelling springtime, come little winds to blow your world apart. Sometimes, she had said, all you have is your love. But that is enough. To be a woman is this: to love. That is all there is. And it goes on forever. +

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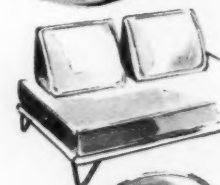
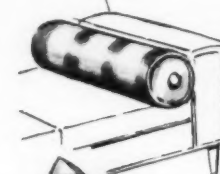
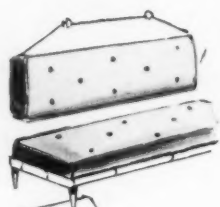
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CUSHIONS in spanking, bright accent colors and varied shapes are one way to give an inexpensive lift to a tired room. Hang a rectangular sheet of two-inch foam rubber, covered in a bright fabric, from cotton cord behind a low bench. To give it a custom touch, sew covered buttons through the cushion and seat pad.

To make a round bolster for a sofa, take a piece of one-inch foam rubber the same width as the sofa seat. Bend it to form a sausage and glue along the edges with special foam-rubber cement pinching the edge together. Stuff this firmly with cotton batting. Cut two circles of foam rubber and glue over the open ends. Cover the cylinder with fabric. Cover the ends with circles of fabric-covered buckram. Sew a large covered button on each end.

Novelty felt cushions make good conversation pieces and excellent gifts. Use heavy quality felt. Do your cutting with pinking shears. The watermelon slice is made from a circle of pink felt 18 inches in diameter folded in half. Deep-green felt 28½ inches long is cut in the shape of an elongated football for the bottom. Edge the pink circle with a 1-inch band of pale-green felt for the rind. Sew the outside edges of the pink, light- and dark-green felt together on the right side. Fill the cushion with crushed foam rubber and sew on black tear drops for seeds.

To make Santa, cut a star from an 18-inch square of red felt doubled. Before sewing, assemble the felt trimming—white for the hatband and beard, green for mitts and boots, black for belt and a pink face. Glue in place on felt star with rubber cement then stitch

edges part way. Cut another star from foam rubber pad to fill the cushion then finish sewing. The dice is made from six squares of white felt 10 inches square. For economy fill with cotton batting. The dots are more fun if made from different colored felts and tacked in place with pearls.

Wedge-shaped backrests are made from five pieces of 1-inch foam rubber. Cut the bottom 6 by 15 inches, triangular sides 6 inches at the base tapering to 15 inches high, the back 15 inches square and the front 15 by 17 inches. Glue the edges together and fill the inside with cotton batting. First cover with light cotton then with upholstery fabric.

For variation trim toss cushions differently. Use piping in a contrasting color, cut on the bias and folded around a very narrow or a very thick cord. For a softer edge use lampshade fringe, rickrack braid, or a two-inch unstuffed flap around the edges for another variation on the pillow theme.

A DRAWERFUL OF PORRIDGE

Continued from page 21

ate some of it. The potatoes and vegetables were good. There was plenty of bread and a generous pat of butter, cookies, stewed prunes, sweetened and straight tea.

All the boarders had not come in yet. Each of us could, at first, sleep by herself in a narrow cot. But Sister Superior's extremely low prices—as flaunted in our French-language newspaper—had blazed a trail across the country, and the convent which could accommodate sixty boarders had, at the final count, eighty-five. Not enough beds, of course. (They were on their way, nearly a carload of them.)

I doubled up with Clemence, her pillow at the foot, mine at the head. Agnes doubled up with our baby, Bernadette, ditto in arrangement. We couldn't help kicking each other in the face and were quite vociferous about it, too. After a few nights of this, the guardian-sister in the dormitory knew it wouldn't work. The three bathtubs were thereupon called into service, adequately padded and made ready to welcome the slumber of the littlest girls. Among these were my two youngest sisters. How many nightmares I had, dreaming that in their sleep they had turned on the tap and I had found them drowned. Nightmare or no nightmare, every morning I ran to the bathroom, expecting to have my fears confirmed.

After the 6 a.m. bell had rung, there was just one half hour to wash, comb hair, brush teeth, clean finger nails and put on our clothes. Besides doing all this for myself, I had to do it for each of my two little sisters. Most mornings they had not heard the bell. I had to shake them and be quick about it. I had bad nerves, I was far from feeling well, I was studying very hard, and so the two poor tots were always handled hurriedly and, at times, quite roughly, a slap occasionally, and the hair brushing was not always as gentle as it might have been.

If I made you weep then, my beloved little sisters, you are well avenged . . . because although forty years and more have since rolled by, I have never forgotten my impatience toward you. The memory of it still haunts me and fills my heart with a great sadness and shame.

But, my little sisters, there were also sweet deeds you could remember about your big sister. I should say your "older sister." I was only fourteen years old and far from being a big girl. Remember how you ran to me, the four of you, at recess time and how, like a solicitous, comforting mother I would encompass you in my arms and we would go and sit on a secluded bench under the trees, keeping to ourselves like a covey of partridges, homesick, too shy to mingle with the other pupils in that strange convent, in that new place miles from home? When the bell rang, we had to separate, each to our own classrooms, to rejoin again when came the next recess. And that lasted for some weeks, until you had made friends of your own—and I had also—and then we were all playing with the rest of the girls.

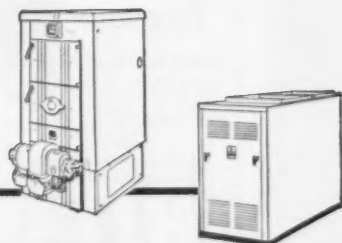


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"Gives fast relief to sore, tired feet!"



Absorbine Jr.

Remember, above all, what I did for you in connection with the breakfast porridge. For a few weeks after our arrival at the convent, the porridge had been quite palatable. Then, one morning—I don't know whatever happened to it—it tasted like some unnamable concoction prepared in Purgatory for the punishment of sinful souls. Oversalted, sweetish, scorched, sour, rancid, musty—many more adjectives I need to describe that awful mess which was served to us in good-sized bowls, two thirds full.

The girls at our table tasted a spoonful and took on a suffering resigned expression and very slowly went on eating. I did the same, but my two little sisters, one on each side of me, had just one swallow and started to cry silently. I didn't need, of course, to ask what was the matter. Desiring not to attract the attention of our guardian at the head of the table, I shushed them, soothingly patting a shoulder on my right and on my left, and assured them they didn't have to eat the horrible stuff. Bracing myself, I had a first, a second, and a third course of the delectable, aromatic cereal. I couldn't eat anything else, that goes without saying. What I didn't know was that, for weeks and weeks, the same kind would come to the table, in the same two-thirds-full bowls.

Clem and Dedette quailed at the sight of it and looked up at me appealingly. That second morning, my menu was again three bowls of porridge. And the morning after I was still heroic, but at night, in my cot, I came to the realization that I couldn't go on—perhaps to the end of the year—eating the repulsive food. (Not unhealthy, however, for it had not made me sick.) I kept awake many hours making plans, rejecting one after another, until I decided upon one which I hoped would work. No! It wasn't to break faith with Clem and Dedette, but I, for sure, wasn't going to sacrifice myself to the extent of eating three servings daily.

The fourth morning the same bowls appeared, filled up to the same level, with the same unsavory mush.

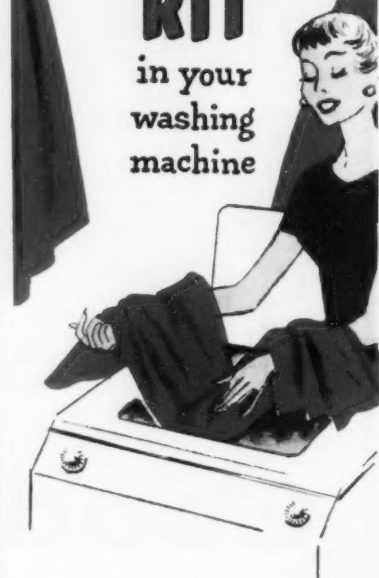
In front of each plate, at the table, was a drawer quite wide, quite deep, in which we put away our covers. From now on, I swore to myself, it's going to harbor something else, or my name is not Anna Roy. I ate the contents of my own bowl and then, after having looked to the right, to the left, in front and behind, acting on the well-established theory that the hand is quicker than the eye, I shoved the other two bowls into the far end of the drawer with the easy swiftness of a magician. I did very well. The presiding sister didn't notice anything, and the tittle-tattlers, of whom there are always a few in a convent, didn't see anything either.

This went on week after week, Monday through Friday. Saturday, I had to attend to the removal of the accumulated garbage. I was scouting all week for a paper bag or a quite substantial piece of paper. You have no idea how hard it was sometimes to get hold of just such an insignificant article. You have no idea either, how much astuteness, cunning, awareness, dexterity, watchfulness it took to remove the twelve or fourteen bowls, whose contents by that time had, oh so nicely, shriveled,

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with the exception of the fresh bowls from Saturday, which I left to mature.

That was only the first act in the drama. I had, then, to inch my way toward the outside door which was opposite the head of the other table along the other wall. I would finally reach the door, open it and very softly close it. Safely outside, I would make my way toward the river over a sidewalk which started flush with the doorstep, gradually rose from the ground and extended a few feet over the water like a small bridge. What a relief it was to dump down the accursed package where the current would swiftly carry it out of sight. These little side trips of mine were made during, perhaps, two months. The porridge may have improved now and then; I always ate mine but could not induce my little sisters to eat theirs, for once bitten, they were twice shy.

One week end I couldn't possibly manage my errand. So, the following week, instead of fourteen bowls, there were twenty-six. And that Saturday, I didn't have to empty and to dump, because I had been found out. An inventory had been made in the kitchen and the bowls were found missing. The table drawers were inspected and my hoard discovered. I like to think that the poor detective soul, or souls, didn't have to go through all eighty-five drawers, but were obligingly directed by the scent to the three Roy caches. That, I never learned, never asked, and what's more—never cared.

When we came down for breakfast on that fateful day, and had taken our places at the table, I saw approaching toward me Sister Sainte Luce. She was a martinet and my luck had run out. If it had been our sweet Sister Brigitte, things would have turned out differently I am sure.

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"Ah, ah, ah! My good girl," she sputtered, "you've played the smart one long enough. This morning, it is I who will feed your little sisters!" Clem and Dedette broke out into a lamentable wailing duet. I looked on in horror and apprehension as she took the spoon and started to shove the porridge down Clemence's throat. What was going to be the outcome was written in the skies . . . and the outcome came in a rush. I promptly marched my little sisters to the dormitory to wash their faces and hands—and mine—and to change my dress and theirs. As for the mess in the refectory, that was no concern of mine and Sister Sainte Luce had to attend to the cleaning of that.

The following morning there was a nice surprise in store for the boarders. Sister Brigitte made a glorious announcement. "We are now going to serve the porridge in nappies and only those who want any will have it." It was white, fluffy, smooth in texture, nutty in flavor, pleasant to the smell and remained that way all through the

☆ ☆ ☆

LATE

By Dorothy Marie Davis

Now though my step's sedate,
Now when I'm forty-grown,
This morning I discovered
A perfect hopscotch stone.

☆ ☆ ☆

rest of the year. My little sisters smacked their lips and asked me if I couldn't get them a second serving. Not being as brave as Oliver Twist, I couldn't pick up enough courage to do it, in spite of my great tenderness for Clem and Dedette.

The matter of the bad porridge, and what had happened as a consequence, was reported to Sister Superior. She ordered the perennial contents of the big pot to be scoured out. The porridge had to be started from scratch, a small quantity in a smaller pot. What was left, if any, had to be thrown away.

Such an influx of girls had come to her convent from points all over western Canada, even some from Ontario and Quebec, that Sister Lagarde had hurriedly hired a woman to help the sister-cook. That woman, who had been entrusted with the porridge making, was careless and untidy. She was mercilessly fired without notice.

Clem went her humble, quiet way, unaware that she had been our savior and had brought on a mild, but much appreciated revolution at our convent. If it had not been for her, eighty-five girls less two would have gone on eating bad porridge as well as many other bad dishes prepared by the pseudo cook.

There was an aftermath to the tempest in the porridge pot. We stood for our rights and dared to proclaim them. For instance, one suppertime, the potatoes were sour. Two or three girls, whom the consequences of Clemence's plight had liberated from their shyness, beckoned to Sister Brigitte and said, "Sister, we can't eat these potatoes, they are sour." Sister Brigitte grew red in the face, tasted a bit of the potatoes and ordered them sent back to the kitchen.

Of such stuff are revolutions made. +



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CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

November

Here are hearty menus for crisp November days—made with the good fruits and vegetables of the season's harvest

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 1	Sliced Oranges Hot Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Mushroom Omelet Coleslaw Banana Butterscotch Pudding Milk Tea	Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Baby Lima Beans Fruit Cup Coffee Cookies Tea	SUN 20	Sliced Oranges Scrambled Eggs Grilled Sausages Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Seafood on Toast Baked Pears in Sirup Milk Tea	Steak and Mushrooms Julienne Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Chocolate Peppermint Icebox Dessert
WED 2	Blended Juices Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Salmon and Celery Salad Hot Biscuits Cinnamon Baked Apples Milk Tea	Veal Chops Onion Sauce Rice Baked Pepper Squash Caramel Custard Coffee Tea	MON 21	Apple Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Potato and Onion Soup Crackers and Cheese Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Baked Sausages Sweet Potatoes Frenched Green Beans Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 3	Half Grapefruit Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Honey Cocoa	Cheese Toast and Bacon Stewed Apricots Chocolate Cake Milk Tea	Dressed Spareribs Baked Potatoes Harvard Beets Ice Cream Coffee Sauce Tea	TUE 22	Prune Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Melba Toast Ice Cream Milk Tea	Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Parsley Potatoes Lemon Snow Coffee Beans Sauce Tea
FRI 4	Grape Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Bean Casserole with Bacon Whipped Raspberry Jelly Milk Tea	Salmon Steak Parsley Potatoes Frozen Broccoli Cranberry Crisp Coffee Tea	WED 23	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Scalloped Corn and Sausages Spiced Apple Compote Milk Tea	Minute Steaks French Fried Potatoes Diced Beets Maple Sirup Muffins Coffee Tea
SAT 5	Prune Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Sweet Rolls Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Eggs and Mushrooms on Toast Graham Muffins Jam Milk Tea	Baked Ham Slice Pineapple Rings Potato Puff Beans Fresh Applesauce Spice Cake	THU 24	Blended Juice Hot Cereal Toast Bacon Coffee Cocoa	Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches Relishes Grapes Milk Cupcakes Tea	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Spinach Peach Bavarian Coffee Tea
SUN 6	Tomato Juice Waffles Bacon Coffee Sirup Cocoa	Scotch Broth Cabbage and Peanut Salad Frosted Spice Cake Milk Tea	Rib Roast of Beef Pan-roasted Potatoes Mashed Turnips Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	FRI 25	Applesauce Oatmeal Porridge Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Spinach Hot Tea Biscuits Apricots Milk Wafers Tea	Fillet of Sole Rice and Mushrooms Glazed Carrots Chocolate Fudge Cake Coffee Tea
MON 7	Applesauce Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Hot Beef Sandwiches Green Salad Butter Tarts Milk Tea	Vegetable Plate (baked stuffed onions, creamed celery, beets, buttered beans) Quick Chocolate Nut Pudding	SAT 26	Grape Juice Prepared Cereal Sweet Rolls Coffee Cocoa	Corn Chowder Crackers Fudge Cake (leftover) Milk Tea	Out to dinner and a movie!
TUE 8	Stewed Figs with Lemon Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Cottage Pudding Milk Tea	Beef Curry with Rice Carrots Spinach Grape Sponge Coffee Tea	SUN 27	Orange Sections Grilled Kippers Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Parsley Omelet Toast Jellied Fruit Salad Milk Tea	Baked Ham Sweet Potato Puff Cauliflower Pecan Pie Coffee Tea
WED 9	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cold Cuts Potato Salad Hot Rolls Fruit Jelly Milk Tea	Mixed Grill (lamb chop, mushrooms, bacon, kidney) Whipped Potatoes Beans Baked Lemon Pudding	MON 28	Half Grapefruit Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Scalloped Potatoes with Diced Ham Green Salad Canned Cherries Milk Cookies Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Coleslaw Prune Whip Coffee Tea
THU 10	Apricot Juice Scrambled Eggs Raisin Toast Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Chef's Salad Brownies Milk Tea	Swiss Steak Green Lima Beans Carrots Preserved Peaches Banana Bread Coffee Tea	TUE 29	Tomato Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Cabbage Salad Fruit Cup Milk Drop Cookies Tea	Sliced Cold Ham French Fried Potatoes Mixed Green Salad Applesauce Gingersnaps Coffee Tea
FRI 11	Blended Fruit Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Apple-Date-Nut Salad Lemon Wedges (leftover) Tapioca Cream Milk Tea	Baked Whitefish Lemon Wedges Potato Chips Scalloped Tomatoes Mince Pie Hard Sauce	WED 30	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Bacon Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Carrot Sticks Cherry Cobbler Milk Tea	Beef and Kidney Pie Kernel Corn Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 12	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toasted Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Chili Con Carne Rye Bread Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Baked Midget Pork Roll Sweet Potatoes Dutch Apple Cake Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea				
SUN 13	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Jellied Vegetable Molds Lemon Jelly Roll Milk Tea	Roast Chicken Nut Stuffing Whipped Potatoes Pears Pineapple Bavarian Coffee Tea				
MON 14	Prune Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Hot Bouillon Assorted Sandwiches Figs Milk Jelly Roll Tea	Chicken-Rice Bake Mixed Vegetables Cranberry Mallow Coffee Tea				
TUE 15	Tomato Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Spanish Rice Relishes Chocolate Rennet Custard Crisp Cookies Milk Tea	Pork Chops Supreme Baked Potatoes Spinach Apricot Whip Coffee Tea				
WED 16	Grape Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Apple and Cranberry Salad Corn Bread Stewed Figs Milk Tea	Cheeseburgers Roast Potato Chips Cabbage and Nut Salad Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea				
THU 17	Half Grapefruit Ready-to-eat Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Honey Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Pear and Cottage Cheese Salad Corn Bread (leftover) Milk Tea	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Corn Niblets Apple Crisp Coffee Tea				
FRI 18	Stewed Apricots Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Wieners and Rolls Relishes Lemon Sherbet Cookies Milk Tea	Crabmeat Casserole Green Salad Hot Rolls Banana Pudding Coffee Tea				
SAT 19	Apple Wedges French Toast Coffee Sirup Cocoa	Chicken Soup Egg and Onion Sandwiches Preserved Peaches Macaroons Milk Tea	Spaghetti with Meat Balls Garlic French Bread Lettuce Wedges Orange Sponge Coffee Tea				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

SNOW APPLE JELLY

Wipe and quarter 4 pounds firm snow apples; cover with water and cook slowly until soft. Drain in jelly bag or through 2 thicknesses of fine cheesecloth for several hours. Boil juice 20 minutes; set pulp aside. Measure juice, for each cup add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Bring to rolling boil (cook only 4 cups juice and sugar at a time in a wide shallow kettle);

boil for about 6 minutes or until jelly test is obtained (2 drops come together when jelly is dripped from side of spoon). Remove from stove at once and skim quickly. If desired 1 tablespoon rose-water and a few drops of red food coloring may be added at this point. Ladle into hot jelly glasses and seal with hot paraffin. Yields 8 to 10 (6-ounce) glasses.

APPLEBUTTER

3 cups sieved fruit pulp
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid pectin

Put sieved apple pulp into large saucepan, add sugar and spices, mix well. Place over high heat, bring to full rolling boil. Boil hard for 1 minute, stirring constantly.

Remove and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pectin. Skim off foam. Ladle into hot jelly glasses. Seal with hot paraffin. Yields 8 to 10 (6-ounce) glasses.

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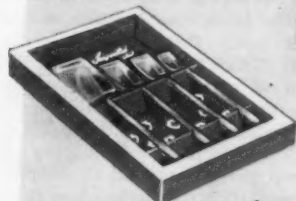
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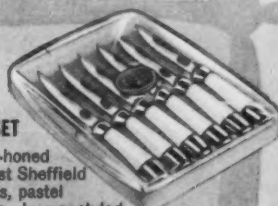
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GARDENING

GET YOUR GARDEN READY FOR SPRING—NOW

It's time to dig the dahlias, cover the roses and get that all-important compost heap started for next year

BY HELEN O'REILLY

DON'T YOU LOVE IT when your flat-dwelling friends wonder what on earth you are doing out in the garden in November? Bless their innocent hearts, I suppose they think the birds cover up everything like the babes in the woods! If they only knew it, the reason the days are so short in November is that there is so much to do in the garden before winter comes, so little time before the killing frosts. And, apart from the essentials of winter protection, there are all the jobs that, done now, will give the hard-working gardener a head start next spring.

The most urgent task is to save the corms and roots that cannot survive the deep freeze of winter in Canada. The principal ones are the gladiolus corms and the dahlia roots and I start with gladiolus because it is wise to leave dahlias in the ground for a week or so after the frost has stopped their growth to give time for their nutriment to flow back into the roots.

If you have not done so already, cut your gladiolus tops down to four inches and carefully loosen the earth around them so that you can lift the cluster of corms and cormlets out without breaking it. Dry them as quickly as possible by spreading them out in flats or shallow trays in the sun and bringing them inside at night for fear of frost; then pull them apart, shelling off the husks and discarding all the rotted and diseased corms. Dust the good corms and the tiny cormlets with disinfectant powder and store them in sand or dried-out peat moss in the cellar or anywhere that a temperature of fifty degrees is maintained through the winter.

Dahlias, cut down to six inches, must also be lifted carefully as they are quite brittle. Loosen the soil well in a wide circle around them, then use the digging fork under the whole plant as a lever and pull gently by the stubby stems. These roots must be dried gradually in a cool cellar for several weeks. When they are thoroughly dry, cut away the stringy rootlets (and the oldest root if you can recognize it!) and shorten the stems so as to eliminate the hollow part if possible, for there is a watery pith in it that causes rot—you may be able to scrape it out with a small knife or a nail if it cannot be cut off entirely. Now store your dahlia roots in dry sand, sawdust, or coal ashes and keep them at a

temperature between forty and fifty degrees.

Now, before you do another thing, start a compost heap (if you have not got one already) for you are going to need one coming and going. Right now you need one as a dump for your grass cuttings, weeds, clippings and fallen leaves, and the rest of the gardening season you need one as a source of that precious and mysterious stuff called humus. Dr. O. M. McConkey in his book on Conservation in Canada describes humus as "a dark slimy material which looks like black jelly or paint, a thin coating which clings closely to the mineral particles in the soil and is not washed off by water." It always reminds me of that indispensable ingredient the cookbooks are always calling for—stock; it is just something you are supposed to have on hand all the time and it is certainly something you can't whip up in a hurry!

For humus is simply decayed organic matter and you can have lots of it for very little trouble but you must look ahead. Just pick an inconspicuous shady spot in the garden, fork the soil lightly to ensure a bit of drainage, and start piling on both garden refuse and everything you throw away in the kitchen except paper, tin, and glass: throw on fruit and vegetable peelings, coffee grounds, tea leaves, egg shells—all the organic matter that you discard.

Build the pile a bit higher at the sides so that water will lie in it and cover it with a thin layer of soil when it threatens to become unsightly and a sprinkling of lime to keep it sweet; if you will use a compost accelerator you will hasten the process of decomposition so that you can use your own humus next spring (then start a second pile and keep them going alternately). My compost heaps are just that—loose piles of refuse—but you may prefer to make a proper bin for yours and, if so, make sure that it is very loosely put together so that air circulates through it. Chicken wire or snow-fencing works very nicely.

Now you can really get on with it—raking the leaves, cutting the grass for the final time, pulling the inevitably surviving weeds, edging those flower beds you never have time for in the spring rush—all this produces grist to your compost mill! Cut off the stalks of the perennials, pull up the annuals, snip

the dead flower-heads of the lilacs—all this too goes to the humus pile except the leaves and stems of any plants that show the least sign of disease. These must be burned along with old cornstalks and any woody material that harbors the dreaded corn borer. Now you may

☆ ☆ ☆

LASTING IMPRESSION

By P. J. Blackwell

Little boys' kisses are specially dear
And good for a parent's complexion,
Reluctantly granted but always sincere
And given with bubble gum, marmalade, butterscotch,
Licorice, banana and fervent affection.

☆ ☆ ☆

And, believe it or not, it is not too late to plant. As long as the soil can be dug, you may still set out tulips; you may plant sweet peas in a deep trench; and now is the time to scatter seeds of annual larkspur and of cornflowers if they are to bloom, for they will lie dormant all winter and flower much earlier than spring-planted seed.

A top priority November chore is covering the roses. I trust nothing for this job but the good earth and I pile it up around each bush in a solid, cone-shaped mound, first brushing away any fallen rose leaves that might carry over the rose's worst enemy, black spot, into the bright new year. The climbing roses I stretch along the ground laboriously and cover with earth from root to tip and, when these winter burial mounds are frozen hard, I mulch them.

For winter, mulching should always be done after the ground has frozen

solid. Those who are tempted to do it earlier have missed the point. Winter mulches are intended to keep the frost in, not to keep the plants warm. The greatest danger to perennials in our climate is not the cold but the alternate freezing and thawing which makes the soil expand and contract and so "heave" the plants out of the ground so that they die of exposure. Mulching is aimed at shading the soil to preserve an even temperature and anything can be used that will stay in place and not attract mice (these garden visitors should be hibernating but a bit of warm weather seems to stir them up).

Peat moss is my favorite mulch because it carries no weeds as does manure, does not blow about like straw or excelsior, is not acid as are oak leaves, and is usually easier to get than evergreen boughs—and besides it looks nice. So I spread peat moss over my rose mounds, around my delphinium plants but not over their crown of leaves for fear of smothering them and over my dormant plants and bulbs, but I put excelsior over my pet chrysanthemums with evergreen boughs to hold it down. It is a matter in which you may back your fancy but mulch you must for, much as I admire the birds, they will not do this essential job for you! +

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NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION!

BASIC FRUIT DOUGH

Prepare

- 1½ cups bleached or sultana raisins, washed and dried
- ½ cup finely-cut candied citron
- ½ cup broken walnuts or pecans

Scald

- 2 cups milk

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a small bowl

- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

- 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Sift together three times

- 4 cups once-sifted bread flour
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 4 teaspoons ground cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg

- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- ¼ teaspoon ground mace

Cream in a large bowl

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup lightly-packed brown sugar

Gradually beat in

- 1 well-beaten egg

Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.

Work in

- 3½ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. Chop Suey Loaf

Knead ¼ cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with soft butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns

Cream together ¼ cup butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ¼ cup corn syrup and

1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar. Spread about a quarter of this mixture in a greased 9-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with ½ cup pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece, a cut side up, in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand

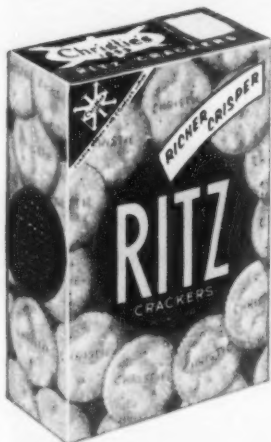
pan of buns on a cake cooler for 5 minutes before turning out.

3. Frosted Fruit Buns

Cut one portion of dough into 18 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball. Place, well apart, on a greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 15 minutes. Immediately after baking, spread buns with a frosting made by combining 1 cup once-sifted icing sugar, 4 teaspoons milk and a few drops almond extract.



Puttin' on the RITZ tonight?



Of course, all smart hostesses do—for Ritz crackers add the right note to the most sophisticated party fixings! But Ritz don't just *look* wonderful—they *taste* wonderful too. Deliciously salted, these golden crackers have a zesty, nut-like flavour no other cracker has. Serve Ritz whenever guests drop in—or for tasty family snacks *anytime*!

Serving ice cream? That calls for Fig Newtons!

Your guests will approve when you serve Christie's scrumptious Fig Newtons with sparkling beverages, fruit, all refreshments! Tender, golden cake with rich fig jam filling—everybody loves Christie's Fig Newtons!



WITHOUT BENEFIT OF STARS

Continued from page 19

lipstick and nail polish, and she gave her a good-luck ring that she still had.

Then, suddenly, Pauline was gone. Aunt Lillian cried and cried, and Sharon's mother was tight-lipped with disapproval. Sharon heard phrases like: Ruined her life . . . No prospects at all . . . With all her chances! Aunt Lillian died within the year and Sharon's mother said that Pauline's foolish marriage had broken her heart. But Sharon's father said that was nonsense, when it was perfectly obvious that she had died of pneumonia.

Pauline had never come back, not even for the funeral—she'd been having a child at the time. But Sharon's mother had stopped off in Dogwood City several times, on her way elsewhere. And she would come home sighing, "Poor Pauline," and shaking her head. "Does Ted beat her?" Mr. Caldwell asked drily. Mrs. Caldwell said of course not, but she lived in near-squalor, and when you thought how she could have married anyone . . .

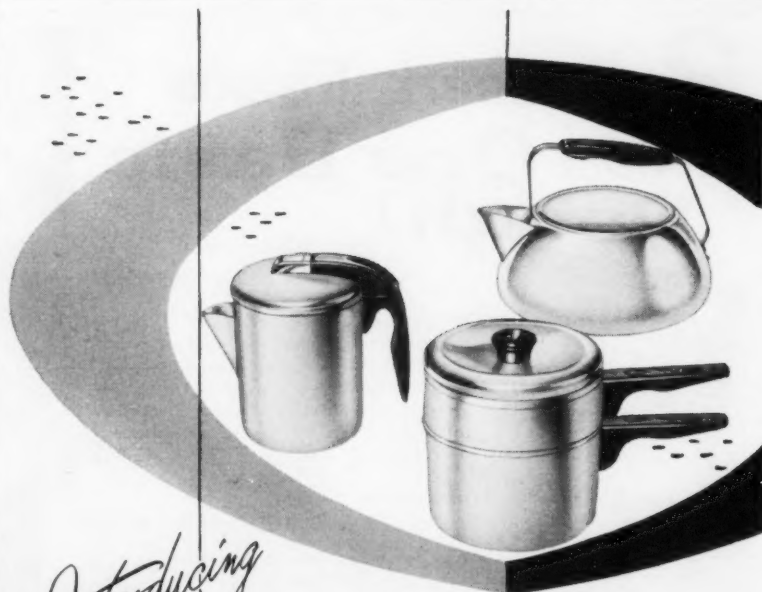
Sharon took the gum the stewardess offered and smiled absently. She knew Pauline didn't live in squalor, and wasn't poor in the sense her mother meant. Any place where Pauline was there would be beauty and gaiety and fun. And there was the soul-shaking love between Pauline and Ted. She had once seen them in each other's arms,

seen the way they looked at each other, and it had been so romantic and so thrilling that tears had pricked her eyelids. And now that was exactly the way she felt about Steve and he about her. And it was a thing her mother couldn't understand, thinking that a visit to Pauline might change it! She began to be excited about seeing Pauline again after all these years. In spite of missing Steve, it would be fun.

In Dogwood City Sharon took a taxi; Pauline had wired that she would not be able to meet her. It was hot and the cab was stuffy. She could see herself in the rear-view mirror, and she wondered how she would appear to Pauline. Pauline used to say, kindly, "Honey, you'll be a real knock-out when you grow up!" With a pang she remembered the warm, vibrant loveliness of Pauline and knew that her own hazel eyes and ordinary brown hair did not add up to a knock-out. But, somehow, Steve approved of her. Darling Steve—she'd write him a long letter every night.

The driver said, "Here we are, lady," and Sharon stared at the flaking dingy-white paint of the frame apartment house. Stubbornly, in spite of what her mother had said, she had gone on picturing a quaint little cottage. She found the proper bell and rang, and waited tensely, almost holding her breath.

The door opened and Pauline said, "Well, Sharon—how nice!" Pauline wore a red-and-white checked shirt, and blue denim pedal pushers. Her hair was skinned back and rolled in a knot, and her face was white and thin, and shiny with heat. Her eyes, smiling at Sharon, seemed to be more grey than blue, and



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to hold weariness rather than warmth. She kissed Sharon lightly and picked up her suitcase. "Come along in. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Just fine," Sharon followed her into a long narrow hallway, to a small bedroom with shades pulled halfway against the afternoon sun. She felt curiously deflated, as if somehow there should have been more to their meeting, as if something were missing.

"You'll want to get out of your suit," Pauline told her. "We're having our Indian summer, wouldn't you know? Just put on any old thing. Can I help you unpack? I cleared out the top bureau drawer and half of the closet."

The nearest approach to "any old thing" was a white linen dress, Sharon thought uneasily. How stupid of her! And she was obviously taking over the room that belonged to Nancy, Pauline's eldest. "Sit down and talk to me while I change," she said.

Pauline sat on the bed, her legs, dangling over the edge, thin and white like her face. "Well, for a minute. Teddy will be hollering. He's down with tonsillitis—that's why I couldn't meet you."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Maybe I can help you with him. It was sweet of you to invite me for a visit, Pauline."

Buttoning the white linen, she saw Pauline's startled face in the mirror. "Invite . . ." Pauline began, and choked it off. "It's wonderful to have you, Sharon," she said lamely.

Sharon fumbled awkwardly with the buttons, not wanting to turn and face Pauline. Pauline hadn't written to her mother at all! She remembered now that she hadn't actually seen the letter.

Her mother had written to Pauline, trumped up some reason for Sharon's coming. Hot resentment against her mother, for putting her in such a position, took hold for a moment.

"What a gorgeous tan you have! I envy you—I haven't had much chance to get out in the sun this summer. Anyway, it's been too hot." Pauline was practically babbling. "You've turned out to be a regular pin-up, Sharon, and you were such a gangly little creature! Have I changed much, do you think?"

Sharon hesitated; didn't Pauline know? "Not very much," she said, trying to make it sound convincing. "You're just a little thin, maybe—"

Pauline laughed. "I certainly don't have to worry about calories! Keeping track of three lively kids takes care of that! Oh, there's Teddy—"

Sharon trailed after her, into a room crowded with two beds and a cot. Teddy stopped rubbing his eyes and regarded them gravely, then favored them with an angelic smile. Instantly enamored, Sharon smiled back. "He's an absolute doll!" she told Pauline.

"He's a doll when he's in bed," Pauline said drily. "Up, he's a demon!"

Teddy laughed gaily. "Who's her?" he enquired.

"I'm your cousin Sharon, honey-bunch, and I don't believe you're one bit sick! You look just fine, to me."

The cherubic lines of Teddy's face turned downward. His eyes filled. "Am so sick!" he wailed. "You go 'way!"

"There, there," Pauline soothed, "quiet down or you'll hurt your throat. Of course you're sick—you're sick as a dog!" She turned to Sharon. "It's his mark of distinction. Keith and Nancy

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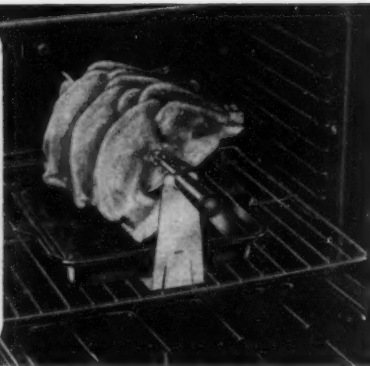
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keep him firmly in his place, and the only time he can feel important is when he is sick."

"I'm sorry," Sharon said helplessly. "I'm afraid I don't know much about children."

"It wouldn't help if you did," Pauline told her. "Mine are all peculiar. You might as well finish unpacking, Sharon, while I sponge him off a bit."

Nancy, seven, came home from school, greeted her cousin Sharon with lofty dignity, changed into her Brownie outfit and went out again. Pauline went to the door and called after her to stop at the playground on her way home and see if Keith was there. "He's on the afternoon shift at school," she explained to Sharon, pushing a lock of hair out of her eyes, "and he's supposed to come home right afterward, but he's naughty about it."

Some time later both children came in and immediately fell into a wrangle in the living room. A lamp went over and Pauline spanked Keith and told Nancy to go to her room and stay there. "How can I," Nancy demanded, "when she's got my room?" Sharon flinched.

She offered to help Pauline with dinner, but Pauline said the kitchen wasn't big enough for two. Sharon felt in the way and useless, and decided to go and read aloud to Teddy, but the little boy had fallen asleep.

She was in the living room looking through a magazine when the front door opened, and she jumped up eagerly. Ted Larson was the Prince Charming who had captured Pauline—that hauntingly lovely Pauline of eight years ago—and he had been blithe and bonnie. But

the man who held out his hand, smiling, and said, "Welcome to our castle!" wasn't that Ted at all. He looked tired and harassed, his tie was askew, his coat hung over his arm, and his trousers were baggy.

Sharon took his hand. "How are you, Ted? It's so nice to see you again."

"About time you paid us a visit!" Ted said heartily. She wondered if he remembered her at all. "I'll just say hello to the helpmate, and then you must tell me all about everything." He tossed his coat onto a chair and went toward the kitchen. Sharon watched and saw Pauline in the kitchen doorway, an apron around her waist, a saucepan in one hand.

"Hi, Ted," Pauline said, "are you wilted?"

"Just about. How's Teddy?"

"I guess he'll survive," Pauline said, "but I'm not sure I will. As soon as he's over this let's have his tonsils out and be done with it."

"I guess we'd better," Ted said. He kissed her then—if you could call it that. At least he leaned toward her briefly, and Sharon supposed their lips met.

It was hard to write to Steve that night. There didn't seem to be much to say. That it was hot; that one of the children was sick and the other two not very appealing; that Pauline had changed and Ted wasn't at all as she remembered him; and that she, Sharon, loved Steve utterly and missed him terribly. It didn't add up to much of a letter, except the last part. She tore it up and just wrote that she was having a grand time, but that she missed him

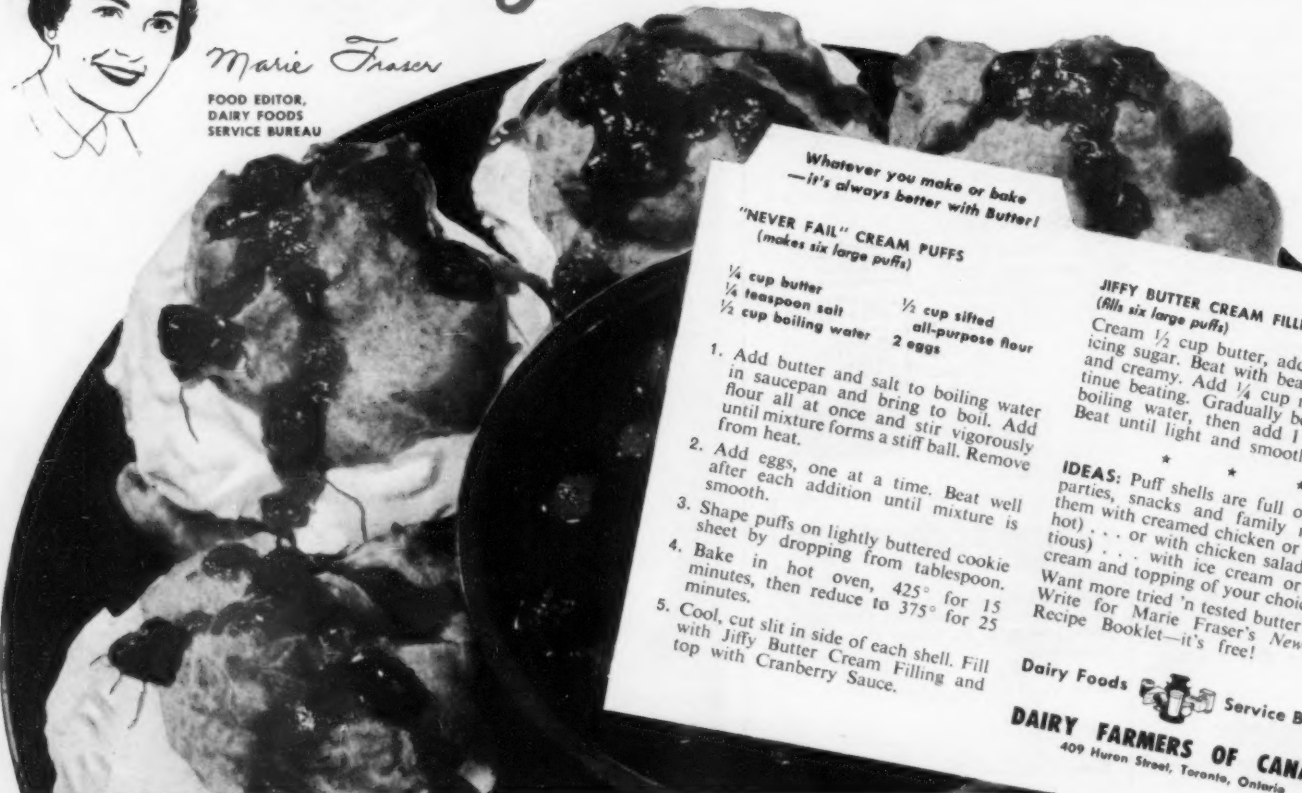
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"Never fail" CREAM PUFFS"



Marie Fraser

FOOD EDITOR,
DAIRY FOODS
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Whatever you make or bake
—it's always better with Butter!

"NEVER FAIL" CREAM PUFFS (makes six large puffs)

¼ cup butter	½ cup sifted
¼ teaspoon salt	all-purpose flour
½ cup boiling water	2 eggs

1. Add butter and salt to boiling water in saucepan and bring to boil. Add flour all at once and stir vigorously until mixture forms a stiff ball. Remove from heat.
2. Add eggs, one at a time. Beat well after each addition until mixture is smooth.
3. Shape puffs on lightly buttered cookie sheet by dropping from tablespoon.
4. Bake in hot oven, 425° for 15 minutes, then reduce to 375° for 25 minutes.
5. Cool, cut slit in side of each shell. Fill with Jiffy Butter Cream Filling and top with Cranberry Sauce.

JIFFY BUTTER CREAM FILLING (fills six large puffs)

Cream ½ cup butter, add ¾ cup sifted icing sugar. Beat with beater until thick and creamy. Add ¼ cup milk and continue beating. Gradually beat in ¼ cup boiling water, then add 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat until light and smooth.

IDEAS: Puff shells are full of ideas for parties, snacks and family meals. Fill them with creamed chicken or fish (serve hot) . . . or with chicken salad (scrumptious) . . . with ice cream or whipped cream and topping of your choice (mm). Want more tried 'n tested butter recipes? Write for Marie Fraser's New Butter Recipe Booklet—it's free!

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terribly and maybe she wouldn't stay a whole week.

Next day Pauline suggested that Sharon go to a movie. But it seemed heartless to leave Pauline alone with a sick child in the hot little box of an apartment, and Sharon rejected the idea. She picked at the potato salad and cold meat Pauline had fixed for lunch, and gulped iced tea. "Do you and Ted think you'll have a house one of these days?" she asked.

"That's our theme song—'One of these days,'" Pauline said. "Sure, we're saving for a house and furniture, but things keep happening. We think maybe we can swing it when Ted gets his next raise. Have some more salad, Sharon."

"It's delicious, but really I couldn't," Sharon assured her. She looked around the dining room, at the frayed lace curtains—they must have come with the apartment, Pauline certainly wouldn't have chosen them; at the rug with the worn place in the middle; at the scarred oak table at which they sat. After she and Steve had been married eight years would this be all they had to show for it? Oh, surely not! Steve was smart and enterprising, no matter what her mother thought. And if she were Pauline she would yank those curtains down in a minute, and make new, pretty ones, and—but would she, if she had three children and felt as tired as Pauline looked?

Keith brought a note from school saying that he needed to have his eyes examined. Nancy had torn her dress, a great jagged tear, and Pauline cried shrilly, "How can you be so careless?" Nancy sulked and went in to see Teddy, who started screaming almost immediately. Pauline rushed in and Teddy wailed, "She says I'm going to have my neck cut open!"

Keith put on his skates and tore down the length of the hall, coming up against the far wall with a thud. Someone pounded on the ceiling. "Oh, heavens, the neighbors!" Pauline groaned. "It's a miracle we haven't been thrown out of here, and sometimes I wish we would be."

That night Ted looked dispirited and hadn't much appetite. Later when the children were in bed and they were sitting in the living room he said, "Jim Trask got a raise today, but mine didn't come through."

"Oh, Ted," Pauline's voice was thin. "That means another year before—"

"I'm afraid so," Ted told her, and ran his hand through his thick dark hair.

"Well, you can't help it," Pauline said. She put down her mending and crossed to him. She dropped a kiss on the top of his head. "Don't worry, Teddy-boy," she said. A long-ago phrase came into Sharon's mind, "With all her chances!"

They both seemed suddenly to remember that Sharon was there. Pauline said brightly, "It would have been nice to have a little more money, but it's not important." And Ted said, "After all, it's love that makes the world go round."

Pauline said, "Or so they tell us!" and she and Ted smiled at each other. Poor things, Sharon thought, trying to put on a good show. Her heart ached with pity. Pity? She was pitying Pauline? It was like killing a dream, and she felt abruptly wretched. She stood up, saying that she believed she

In the World of Desserts

—with Frances Barton

Ours is really a lucky generation of home-makers. Even on our busiest days, we don't need to skip on home-made desserts! Not if we keep an instant pudding mix handy! And even the children like making their own milk-rich desserts with Jell-O Instant

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Of course, Jell-O Instant Pudding is an ingredient for making other things besides puddings. Here, for instance, is a delicious topping for white cake or angel food, and for baked puddings.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND TOPPING

1 cup cold light cream

1 cup cold milk

¼ teaspoon almond extract

1 package Jell-O Chocolate Instant Pudding

Pour cream, milk and almond extract into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and beat with egg beater 1 minute, or until well blended. Let stand until set—takes about 5 minutes.

You can store this scrumptious, rich-tasting topping in your refrigerator in a covered container. When you need it, just stir until it's creamy—and then serve.



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A BRAND-NEW MAIN DISH
FOR PARTY OCCASIONS OR THE DAY AFTER!

TEA-BISK Whirligig!



TEA-BISK WHIRLIGIG

Oven temperature 425°

FILLING—Mix together in a bowl—2 tbsp. chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped celery, 2 tbsp. soft butter or margarine, 2 cups diced cooked turkey, other fowl, meat or fish, ½ cup cooked green peas, 2 tbsp. chopped red and green sweet peppers, ½ cup undiluted mushroom soup, salt and pepper to taste.

PASTRY—To 2 cups Tea Bisk, cut in finely 2 tbsp. shortening. Add sufficient water (approximately ½ cup) to make a soft dough which can be rolled to ¼" thickness. Turn out on lightly floured surface and knead gently 8 to 10 times. Set aside ½ of dough. Roll remaining dough into 12" circle. Transfer circle to greased cookie sheet. Cut 7 equally spaced slits to within 2" of centre. Put 2 tbsp. filling in centre of each section. Join edges firmly to make star-shaped point. Spread remaining filling evenly in the centre. Roll reserved dough into 6" circle and place over centre of filling. Bake at 425°—20 minutes. Seven Servings.

Something really new, Tea-Bisk Whirligig can be your "piece de resistance" on a big occasion—yet this attractive Tea-Bisk dish is also an appetising way to dress up leftover turkey, chicken or ham. Buy a package of Tea-Bisk today for your own fowl or fish Whirligig (see recipe). Tea-Bisk is the beginning of 101 tasty dishes. See a selection of recipes on the package!

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MONARCH

TEA-BISK

would go to her room and write a letter before she turned in.

"Darling Steve," she wrote, then sat for some time staring absently at a picture of Gene Autry and his horse. From the living room she could hear the low, earnest murmur of voices. Were they talking about the raise Ted didn't get; about Keith perhaps needing glasses; about Nancy's ruined dress; about Teddy's tonsils?

She turned her chair and looked at Steve's photograph that she had put on the dresser. When she and Steve talked about being married, she mused, it was all about not having to say good night to each other ever again, not having to tear themselves out of each other's arms. She remembered the night she had seen Pauline and Ted in each other's arms, remembered the look on their faces and how it had made her little-girl heart thud. Now, she hadn't seen them in each other's arms once, and they hadn't even really kissed each other. She wished she hadn't come. She wished she could have gone on thinking of Pauline and Ted with stars in their eyes.

Sharon decided not to finish the letter, she was just too tired and hot. She'd do it tomorrow.

It rained during the night and was a little cooler in the morning. Sharon dried the breakfast dishes and put them away in the high, inadequate cupboard. Teddy was up today, and all over the place. "He's really less trouble in bed," Pauline observed.

"He surely is a cute kid," Sharon said, watching Teddy trotting busily about on his fat little legs.

"He's a monster, but we kind of like him. No, Teddy, leave the sugar bowl alone!"

Sharon rubbed a teaspoon until it shone. Pauline said, worried, "You're not having a very hilarious visit. Maybe I can find someone to stay with Teddy tomorrow, and we can buzz around."

"Oh, no, Pauline. It doesn't matter at all, really! It's swell just being here with you and your family." Right now it was. It was very pleasant being here in the kitchen with Pauline, the two of them talking. She said, "Pauline, I—I've been wondering . . . have you ever been sorry that you, I mean . . ." She stopped, feeling herself reddening. What had got into her?

"Married Ted?" Pauline tugged at the broom-closet door, which stuck. "You bet! Once a week on Wednesdays. You don't spend eight years with a guy without sometimes wondering what on earth you thought you saw in him. When he throws his clothes all over the bedroom, leaves the top off the toothpaste, forgets your anniversary—Teddy! Come out of that closet! You'll get yourself shut up in there someday!"

"Come here, Teddy, and sit on my lap," Sharon told the little boy. She was disappointed. She had hoped that she and Pauline could have a serious discussion, but Pauline obviously did not want to.

"By the way," Pauline remarked, "that's a mighty handsome fella' on your dresser, cousin. Is it serious?"

Sharon nodded. "Yes. But mother's throwing her weight around. Steve isn't through school, and we'd have to live on practically nothing, and she says I'd probably have a baby right off the bat—oh, you know!"

She bit her lip. Pauline knew, of course! Pauline was staring at nothing right over Sharon's head. And now Pauline knew, too, just exactly why Sharon was here. At last she brought her eyes down to Sharon's face, and she said, "Now I see why you asked if I'd ever been sorry. You really wanted to know. But Sharon, believe me, it wouldn't help if I tried to tell you. I could say I was sorry, or I could say I wasn't sorry—and it wouldn't mean a thing to you. You've got to see for yourself. That's the only way you'll really know."

Teddy wriggled on Sharon's lap and she let him go. That's what her mother had said—see for yourself. See what happens to carefree young idiots who marry on nothing. Was her mother right? She couldn't bear it if the shining thing between her and Steve should peter out in dreariness! Better to give it up now and have something to remember . . .

Pauline returned the broom to the closet. "Clean up after breakfast and it's time for lunch," she said. "Get through lunch and you've got to start thinking about dinner. It's a merry whirl, always something doing!"

After lunch, Teddy was persuaded to lie down for a nap. "I think I'll grab a few winks too," Pauline said, "if you can amuse yourself, Sharon."

"Of course—don't worry about me at all, Pauline." Poor Pauline looked so tired. Well, she'd go and finish her letter to Steve.

But she took off her dress and lay on the bed, her hands behind her head. She thought about Steve coming home from work, and she would be stirring something on the stove and the children would be acting up, and she would say, "Are you wilted?" and he would say, "How are Junior's tonsils?" and then he'd peck at her cheek. She lay quietly a long time, and then she fell asleep.

She was awakened by someone crying, she heard her name called, and jumped up and ran into the hall. Pauline was kneeling by Keith, whose tears were mingling with the blood running off his chin. If she had thought Pauline was pale before, her pallor was startling now. But she said calmly, "This may need stitches. I'll put a bandage on and rush him to Dr. Bolton, if you'll take over, please Sharon. Don't cry, Keith darling. There, there, honey, you'll be as good as new before you know it."

When they were gone, Sharon asked Nancy how it had happened. "He fell off the swing, at the playground," Nancy said. She added importantly, "I tried to take him to the playground director, but he wouldn't listen. He just wanted to get home."

Sharon thought of the tenderness, the love, in Pauline's voice. "Of course," she said. "Of course he wanted to get home." She glanced at her wristwatch. "Nancy, wouldn't it be nice to have dinner all ready when they get back? If you'll help by amusing Teddy, I'll see what I can do."

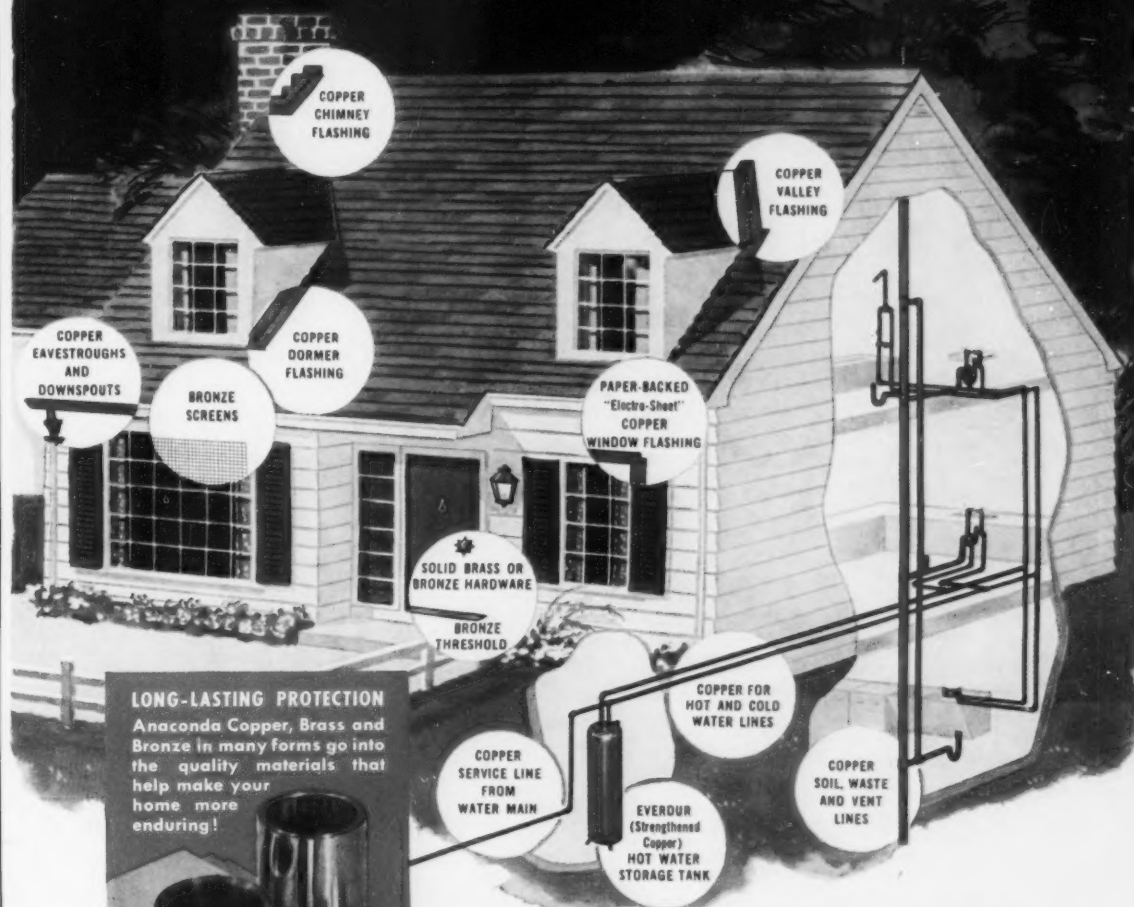
Nancy eyed her. "Can you cook? Mama told daddy you probably couldn't fry an egg."

Sharon put her hands on her hips. "You're darn tootin' I can cook!" she said indignantly, and Nancy giggled.

She found frozen chicken and put it under cold running water. She found

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FOOD STORES

a can of mushrooms and a jar of ripe olives, and her rummaging finally disclosed a bottle of sherry. She could make a marvelous casserole, she thought happily, and she'd fix mashed potatoes—no, scalloped. She worked deftly, thinking how surprised Pauline would be when she returned.

Two hours later Pauline stood in the kitchen doorway, staring at Sharon. Sharon closed the oven door and asked anxiously, "How's Keith?"

"He's fine. No stitches needed, thank goodness, and no concussion or anything." She laughed shakily. "It's all in the day's work, you know, rushing them to the doctor. You always expect it, and yet you always sort of fall apart, inside. That's when you know how much you love them; it comes over you all of a heap."

Sharon nodded thoughtfully. "I suppose so. I suppose that's how it is. You want to bang their heads together one minute, and the next minute you'd die for them."

"You're catching on," Pauline said. "Sharon, am I light-headed, or do I smell what I think I smell?"

"The latter. And since you didn't think I could fry an egg—"

"Oh, that Nancy! I couldn't when I married Ted, poor guy. We had some weird meals, but I finally learned. And now, I hardly ever have time to be fancy."

"It's about ready," Sharon said. "When will Ted be home?"

"Any minute." She touched Sharon's shoulder lightly. "It'll be the best dinner we've had since I entertained Ted's boss!"

Sharon glowed. She listened eagerly for Ted, but he didn't come and he didn't come. She puttered around for half an hour then went into the living room. Pauline stood at the window, her fingers crushing the faded curtains staring out at darkness. Sharon said, "Don't worry, Pauline, it's the kind

of dinner that will keep, you know."

Pauline turned. "Do you think I'm worried about the dinner?" There were tears in her eyes.

"But—but isn't Ted ever late?" Sharon stammered.

"Never! He's in a ride with four other men. Nobody can be late without holding up the others, so nobody's late." She turned back to the window, as if by watching she could make Ted come. Sharon thought about the peak-hour traffic, the accidents you were always reading about in the papers, and tried to think of something to say to reassure Pauline.

"I'm going to call the plant," Pauline said, "and if he has left, which of course he has, I'll call one of the men who's in the ride." She moved jerkily toward the phone.

"Wait," Sharon cried, "there's a car stopping now—a taxi!"

A minute later Ted was in the room. "Hi" he said cheerfully. "I hope you weren't worried, honey. I missed my ride because the boss called me in. He thinks they made a mistake in the head office—about my raise, I mean—and he's checking on it. So—"

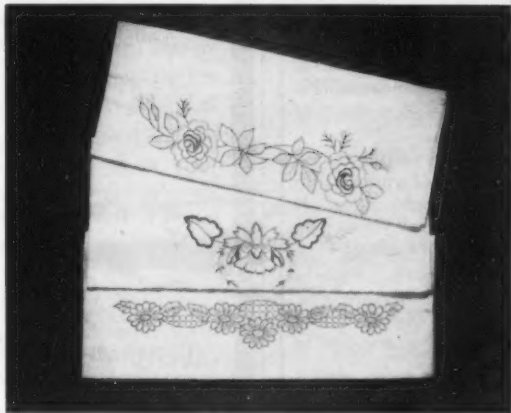
But Pauline had burst into tears and thrown herself into his arms. "Oh, Ted, oh, Ted," she sobbed. "You're really all right!"

"Why, honey!" Ted said. Then he said, and it was almost a whisper, "Pauline, darling!" and held her fiercely close, and kissed her.

Tears filled Sharon's eyes and her heart soared. It was romantic and thrilling and yet more—so much more. Eight years more. She needn't pity Pauline. No one need pity Pauline. And no one would ever need to pity her!

Suddenly she wanted Steve. More than she ever had before, she wanted Steve. "Break it up!" she cried gaily, a little huskily. "Better enjoy my cooking while you can. I'm going home tomorrow." +

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THE PERFECT WIFE IS A MOVIE MYTH

Continued from page 6

Where each woman places the emphasis in her job, depends on her own assessment of what is most important to her and her family. There is no ideal toward which everyone should strive. To one woman her children and home may be so all-engrossing that she needs no outside activities. To another woman, with more energy and more drive toward personal achievement, taking a part-time job may actually make her a better mother and wife. The job might drain off some of her excess energy which she might otherwise fritter away in fussing over her children, her house, or just waste away in general irritability—with her family as the chief recipients.

If you're happy in your role and honestly think that your home and family are neither neglected nor taking up too much of your attention, don't tamper with the situation.

But perhaps the situation is not ideal. Perhaps while polishing the silver or jotting down the laundry list you always have a feeling of haste. You feel there's always something else that should be done. There are certain signs of strain you should watch and recognize. They are warning signs that your efficiency rating is in danger of slipping.

Do you feel breathless all the time? Do you find yourself snapping at the children habitually? The other day when the butcher sent you two pounds of sausages instead of the pork tenderloin you had ordered, did you react by staging a small tantrum over the phone?

Are you finding it harder and harder to get to sleep? Do you find you are waking up earlier and earlier to get a good head start on the day's worries? Do you find yourself overeating suddenly—or, on the other hand, does the sight of food have the same effect on you as the monthly bills? Are you puffing your way through more than your usual quota of cigarettes? Drinking more than your normal consumption of alcohol? Does your sense of humor seem to be evaporating? Stop and listen to yourself during dinner tonight. Are you monopolizing the table conversation with a record of your day?

In short, if there is any sudden change in your habitual way of coping with your life, it may be a trouble signal. It might mean you should pull yourself up short and say, "What am I doing?"

First of all try to decide whether the change is a temporary or permanent one. Illness in the family, a sudden death or an extra load of work or worry may be regarded as temporary.

But if there is no outside reason for the change in you, it's time to take an inventory of your life to find out what the trouble is. How can you come up to your best potential as a woman?

Before you begin, try to get rid of any false models you may have set up. You're not the heroine in your favorite soap opera, or Mrs. Jones next door, or your mother or your husband's mother. Their way of doing things and what they considered important may be all wrong for you.

Some women need to carry more than their share of responsibility. They

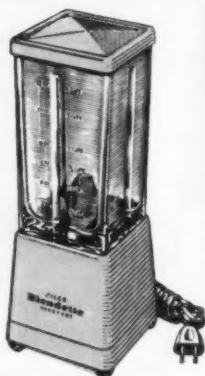
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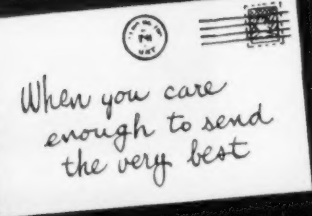


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thrive on work. A life that provides plenty of activity with lots of people depending on them is normal. You may be this kind of woman, but if you are not, you'll be happier if you recognize the fact and don't strain to mold yourself into a pattern that doesn't fit.

First make out a realistic, attainable schedule of how you think your time should be spent—how many hours in housework, with your family, friends, and hobbies. Be very honest about your spare time. Don't jot down hobbies and clubs you think you *ought* to be interested in. Many women feel driven to improve each shining hour—read all the great books, attend lectures, belong to worth-while committees. Make sure these activities honestly represent your true interests. If they don't you're wasting time and talents which would be much more effectively used in hobbies and studies that really fascinate you.

When your ideal schedule has been drawn up, keep a record for a whole week of just how you spend your time. You may be amazed at how much time you spend on the telephone. Perhaps you'll find you are spending far more time in Kaffeeklatsches than you really would like, in the name of being friendly to the neighbors. Have you a secret resentment of the number of times relatives drop in when they were "just passing by"? Do you feel your days are being frittered away with other people's idle chatter when you long to have a few moments to yourself to read a book or just collect your thoughts?

How much time did you spend during the last week talking or playing with your children? (The time you spent chatting with your neighbor while you kept one eye on them doesn't count.) How much time during the last week did you spend talking or just sitting quietly with your husband? Is there a good variety in the things you do in a week? Is one area overaccentuated?

Keep score for one week of all the time you spent worrying and what you worried about. If you keep this list for a month you'll be astounded at the number of worries that just untangled themselves of their own accord.

These records should give you some picture of what your life is like and what you really want it to be like. Compare the actual timetable with the ideal one and then try to figure out a way to adjust your activities to make the two schedules fit a little better. Are there some things you could cut out to make way for other things you would really like to do?

But always remember, of course, that your timetable will change as you and your husband grow older and your children become more independent. Don't remain static. A family is always in the process of growth and you, as the queen pin in it, should grow too. Come up to the best level of your potential through the years. It's challenging, rewarding and exciting to be a woman and let's make the most of it. ♦

Learn to Live with Yourself will not appear in the December issue. Dr. Gerstein will resume her column in January.

What problems do you want discussed in this column? Write to Dr. Reva Gerstein, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. No names will be published. Personal answers to individual questions cannot be given.



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HOME-AND-SCHOOL

Continued from page 11

U. S. term Parent-Teacher, although Ontario stuck to Home and School, and in time every province except British Columbia adopted this name. Roman Catholic schools have a separate organization called Parent-Teachers. Newfoundland, with its patchwork system of denominational schools, is the only province without a provincial federation, though it does have some sixty-four local associations. In Prince Edward Island, Home and School co-ordinates its efforts with the Women's Institutes.

The young organization had to fight for approval from suspicious school boards, teachers and even janitors, all jealous of their spheres of influence. But from the start they got things done. In 1920 the Toronto association co-operated in a study of the outdated Truancy Act and helped create new legislation substituting attendance officers for the police. In 1922, with the help of the London association the first vocational guidance program was launched. The following year the Toronto council inaugurated open house so that parents and teachers could meet. Home and School has been responsible for medical inspection in the high schools, music in the public schools.

Perhaps the most important job Home and School has done is that of bringing teachers and parents together, to work for the children both teach. Mrs. W. K. Colin Campbell, past national president, has seen the miracle happen time and again.

"A young woman teacher arrived at an Ontario rural one-room school that was in neglected condition," she recalls. "Besides teaching six different grades, the girl was expected to struggle with oil lamps, a cranky stove, and ancient desks that might have come to Canada with the Empire Loyalists. She protested to the local board, but to no avail. Teachers before her had quit, but she had spunk, and decided to try Home and School.

"The teacher invited parents to come out one evening and discuss forming a local association, and she was mighty persuasive, because most turned up. Those busy farm people hadn't been in the place for years. First thing that startled them was the poor light. Why hadn't hydro been brought in from across the line? Why indeed? she asked. And the desks! The men couldn't crowd their big frames into them—and remember, she was teaching some twelve- and fourteen-year-olds who were as tall as their fathers. The women were appalled at the general dinginess, the lack of an indoor water supply.

"Those parents organized a Home and School Association. They went after the board; hydro was brought in, a wash-room added, a heating unit installed. From then on parents turned out on meeting nights with enthusiasm, because they had discovered in the most graphic way that they played an important part in education."

But the question of how energetic Home and School should be in pursuing such purely material objectives and raising funds to pay for them is a controversial subject.

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It is characteristic of young Canadians that they are prepared to accept responsibility at an early age. For example, statistics show that Canadians are marrying younger every year. Today, over half the grooms are under 25 and nearly two-thirds of the brides under 23—almost 5 years younger than the average altar-going couple of ten years ago. Such responsibility calls for the provision of adequate family security—the keystone of which is life insurance. North American Life has assisted in meeting the insuring public's changing needs through a highly trained agency force. Since 1881 many young Canadians have laid firm foundations for family security on North American Life policies—with policy-owner satisfaction in

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TORONTO, CANADA

artificial flowers did discourage many young couples, particularly the men, from taking part.

However, since the war these young parents have returned and have stayed despite the occasional lecture on Maori customs, and they have by their presence and their vigor made Home and School the force it is today. They have also provoked the crisis which will decide its future.

Why, they ask, hasn't Home and School spoken out boldly on the hottest educational issues of the day such as the shortage of teachers. With a record two and a half million Canadian children going to public and secondary schools this year the nation faces, according to Dr. M. E. LaZerte of the Canadian School Trustees Association, a situation in which about fifteen thousand of their teachers have less than minimum qualifications. Why hasn't Home and School made its voice heard on the problems of financing the schools which will soon be needed, and are indeed needed now? Where does Home and School stand in the running row between the traditionalists and the progressives? What does it think of federal aid for education, uniform tax rates over entire provinces, and corporal punishment? Has it done anything about the 140,000 boys and girls in Canada who quit school each year between grade seven and grade eleven? Recently the University Women's Clubs in Ontario took up the problem of adequate schooling for the bright child. Said one member who attended the clubs' all-day provincial conference, "We wouldn't have to do this job if Home and School did theirs."

Wanted: Trouble Shooters

Actually, Home and School has paid some attention to such problems, by appointing an earnest provincial committee here and holding a lively local meeting there. But it has failed to make its voice heard effectively by the public at large, and it could scarcely claim to have aroused the lively concern even of its own members in these vital issues.

It may be, as some critics inside the organization claim, that Home and School has hobbled itself by its own constitution which states: "This association shall not interfere with school administration nor seek to direct school policies." Leaders stress that Home and School seeks only to support the school program, co-operate with teachers, help in educational work.

Does this mean that Home and School can never become truly a major force in Canada's education picture? Does it lean so far backward as to be totally ineffective?

Another handicap is easier to evaluate. It is a basic weakness in organization. Each local association must depend on a changing volunteer executive that can make the Home-and-School year a shining success or doom the membership to a year of mediocre programs and guarantee a weak executive the following year, as keener parents give up.

Good or bad, volunteer officers in most areas could benefit by more contact with other experienced officials. Nobody wants regimentation, with every local group hearing the same talk on the same night. But paid, full-time professional organizers could pass along good program ideas, trouble-shoot weak groups, borrow ideas from the strong,

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and function as lines of communication between associations, provinces, and between the national executive and the general membership.

Professional help has been effective in Nova Scotia, where Home and School has benefited by the work of members of the Adult Education Division of the Department of Education. These experienced workers, paid by the government, have been virtual employees of Home and School, and the effective work of the Nova Scotia Home and School Federation reflects their unifying strength. The federation presented a brief to the Department of Education concerning the teacher shortage. It was invited to set up a Joint Commission on Public Attitudes Toward Our Schools. Out of this came an eye-opening survey, Nova Scotia Looks At Its Schools, and a follow-up report, Our Children Need, which outlines the purposes of education, a belief in the necessity of raising

the standard of teachers with this standard defined, the need for additional classrooms, and a survey of the school program. The result has been that Home and School in Nova Scotia has become an informed group, winning new respect from teachers, school boards and government.

Elsewhere, some of Home and School's most effective work has been done by local associations blinking at such rules as the "no interference" clause and another which cautions hands off politics and partisan causes.

In the village of Forest Hill, a Toronto suburb, while the executive remained officially aloof, Home and School members got action on a money bylaw that was necessary before a new, much-needed school could be built. The board of education was for it, but council was against. Home and School members with political savvy organized a fireball campaign, dividing the village by sub-

divisions. Members knocked on doors and telephoned the entire voters' list. The upshot was that Home and School members got their man in on council, and the money bylaw went through.



Perhaps the most important job that has been done is bringing together parents and teachers, although the technique has not always been deft and in cases where the contact is clumsily handled teachers are resentful.

One grade-eight teacher told me: "In the two schools where I have taught, Home and School was a social organization with too many euchre parties. Modern teachers have their own social

life, and don't have to pal around with pupils' parents."

A kindergarten teacher said: "The teacher goes to hear the program—a Home and School meeting isn't the place where you discuss individual children."

Parents with this in mind should meet teachers privately and by appointment, in the opinion of a growing number of parents and educators, and many Home and School associations are helping put this new plan into effect.

But teachers will turn out to a worth-while meeting. When the Weston, Ontario, Home and School sponsored a "You Were Asking" session at which parents and teachers fired questions at local education leaders, teachers almost outnumbered parents.

While, as the name suggests, Home and School regards the provision of this link between parent and teacher as one of its prime functions the associations play a lively part in a wide variety of worth-while projects. The Manitoba federation is active on a provincial government committee to study the teacher shortage; the Ontario federation has been conducting a study of traffic safety in school zones. At the local level the Westward Home and School Association, near Montreal, held a panel discussion on homework led by two representatives each from the students, parents and teachers. As many students showed up for the meeting as parents.

High school associations in Penticton and Vancouver sponsor Future Teacher Clubs. The Kamloops Council gives a two-hundred-dollar scholarship each year to the senior matriculant who plans to go into teaching. Such projects do much to offset the reputation some unimaginative local groups have given Home and School, as an organization interested chiefly in talks on flower arrangements.

Dentists in the Budget

All associations do not agree on what constitutes good programming. But wherever you go, inside and outside the movement, there is one activity that is sure to start an argument. That is money-raising.

The Home and School Handbook warns: "Money-raising . . . should be kept to a minimum . . . Games of chance, raffles, bingo, exploitation of children in the sale of tickets . . . should be avoided." Yet in British Columbia alone, the organization has handed well over a million dollars to its schools since it began in 1916.

Home and School and Parent-Teacher groups across the land have paid for wall paint and telephones in schools, health charts and landscaping. They have bought storm windows and blinds, school clocks, textbooks and readers and electric stoves. Home and School stocks countless medical rooms with supplies, and outfits teachers' rooms from the singing kettle to the rose-splattered chintz. Associations subsidize school dental clinics, provide sand boxes and in Bridgeport, B.C., even pay a portion of a recreational director's salary.

While some educators and parents lambaste the frills of modern education, Home and School members across the nation stage bean suppers and turkey raffles, card parties and amateur nights to raise money for such extras as tape recorders, pottery kilns, children's literary classics and encyclopedias, projectors, record players and pianos, ra-



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1/2 pound candied cherries	1/4 cup flour	1 teaspoon salt
1/4 pound walnut meats	1 cup NEW DOMESTIC	1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 pound pecan meats	Shortening	1 teaspoon allspice
1/4 pound candied pineapple	1/2 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon each, nutmeg, cloves
1/2 pound pitted dates	1/2 cup honey	1/4 cup York Orange Juice

Shred fruit peel, halve cherries, nut meats and dates; cut pineapple and citron to size of almonds. Dredge fruit in 1/4 cup flour.

Place NEW DOMESTIC in bowl with sifted dry ingredients and honey. Beat 2 minutes at medium speed with an electric mixer or 300 strokes by hand. Add eggs and orange juice and beat as above. Pour batter over floured fruits and mix well. Line greased cake pans with waxed paper, allowing 1/2 inch to extend above all sides of pan. Pour batter into pans; do not flatten. Bake in a slow oven 250°F. for 3 to 4 hours for pans 3 1/2 x 7 1/2 inch. Place pan containing 2 cups of water on bottom shelf of oven while baking.

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To many critics this way of raising school funds is a crude shakedown. They feel that if equipment is badly needed it should be provided out of public funds.

The following incident actually happened in an Ontario association. The story is told by the wife. "When my husband and I arrive at a meeting, a hostess ticks off our names. Fathers get two points, mothers one. The class with the most parents present wins two dollars. Recently my seven-year-old came rushing in, pleading that I cancel a party and go to a meeting 'because teacher says we've got to win the prize, so our class can buy a pair of scissors.'"

Dr. Laycock has strong views on the subject. "We were centuries getting over the idea that education was a private philanthropy. In the past seventy-five years we have accepted the idea that it is the responsibility of the citizens to educate all children. If our children need visual aids and libraries and so on, fine, then the school board should buy them with taxpayers' money.

"I know a certain school board in Saskatchewan which has announced it is discontinuing all kindergartens. Home and School has been invited to take them over and foot the bills. I visit P-TAs in British Columbia which are struggling year after year to raise money to pay for a single project—dental service for school children. Those parents study nothing about education.

"What Home and School can do," he said, "is study the problem and influence public opinion. It can raise money for a pilot project to demonstrate the value of a new service to the community. But it should say plainly, 'We will provide this for two years, and then we discontinue it.'"

In raising money, associations get caught in ethical puzzles. Merchants donate gifts for door prizes and special draws. Is this right? Children sell tickets for hobby shows and school fairs, drive householders to breakdowns by thumping on doors pleading for empty fruit baskets. Should they?

Headquarters take a philosophical view. "We have found that new groups, particularly in areas outside of the cities, like to do things for a school,

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and to see results," explains Miss Mattie Harris, executive secretary. "We hope that after some experience in giving gifts, members will turn to a more serious study of education."

Miss Harris has organized many new associations in Nova Scotia. In one school which she was shepherding through its organization, she explained the rules concerning money-raising. At a subsequent meeting she noticed a long table, shrouded in cloths, at the back of the hall. After coffee, she enquired about it.

"Oh, Miss Harris," a woman member said sheepishly, "it's set for Bingo. We know you don't approve—but we're not going to start playing until after you leave."

It would seem that Home and School, if it is to strengthen its organization, must re-examine the way it raises—and spends—its money. A higher membership fee might overcome some of the objections to present fund-raising stunts. At present the fee is about fifty cents with each association selling its own. From that fee each association pays a proportion into its provincial federation and these pay six cents per capita to the national federation. With such a small pie to slice up there is too little money for needed purposes at any level. Local groups can seldom pay even nominal fees for speakers, so that the educationists and child psychologists in each community who can lead the liveliest discussion groups usually become sadly imposed upon. At the national level, a proposed Canadian Conference on the Needs of Children (similar to the celebrated White House Conference of some years ago) is still in the talk

stage after four years, because there is no money to finance it.

If a reasonable increase in membership fees won't go far enough, then perhaps Home and School should take a more realistic official view about money-raising activities—providing the money goes for worth-while purposes. It might finance the local pilot projects suggested by Dr. Laycock, and build a staff of professional Home and School field workers to travel the provinces strengthening the organization at every level.

So, in this critical year, this year of decision, Home and School is being challenged to acknowledge some new concept of its function and rediscover some of the old ones that gave the movement life. The healthy and hopeful fact is that the strongest challenge is coming from people within the organization itself . . . people like past-president Laycock and many among the local leaders and ordinary members I talked to who appreciate its true potential.

They want to give the lie to those who describe a Home and School meeting as something that never starts on time and never ends. They want to see the lively and constructive programs, concerned with the true problems of home and school, crowd out the merely novel and inane. They want Home and School to so inform and arouse all quarter million of its members that Canadians everywhere will be inspired to demand the finest education possible for all our children.

And they are convinced that Home and School can rise to this challenge. ♣

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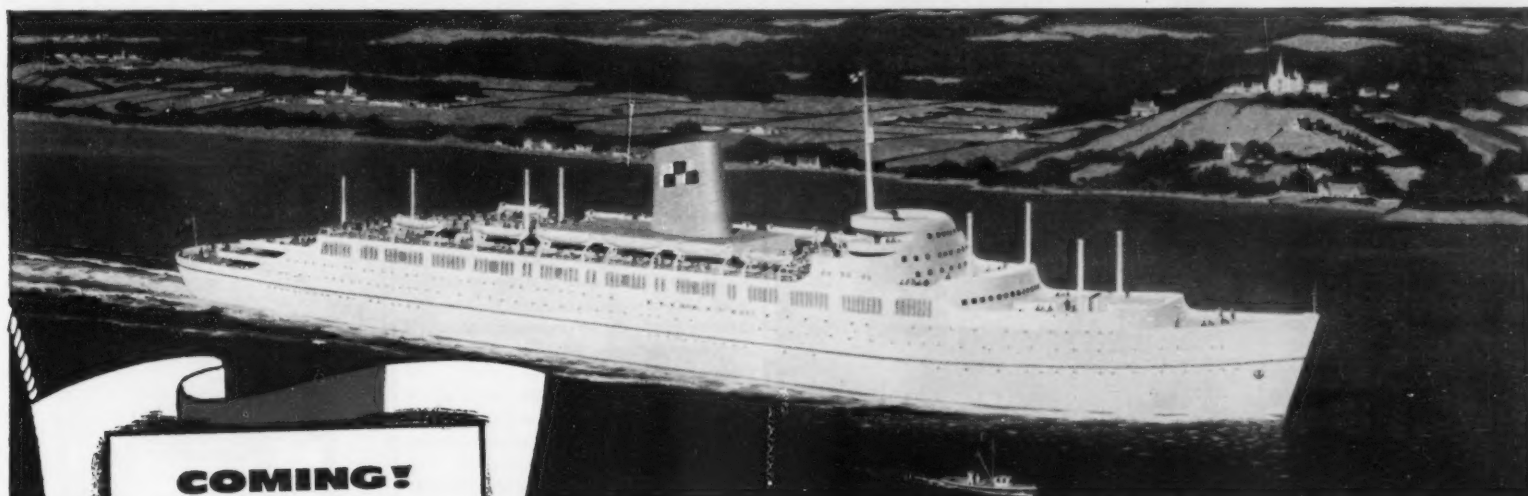
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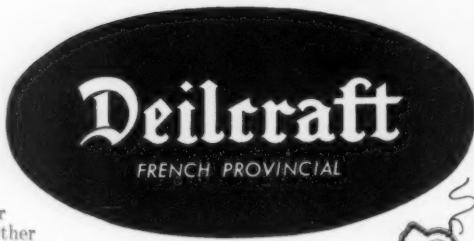
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THE HOT-WATER TAPS WERE MADE OF GOLD

Continued from page 15

self-conscious answer, "but I gave it up. No time, you know."

He looked me straight in the eye. "Do you mean you're lazy or are you afraid of making a fool of yourself?" This struck home. (I am lazy!) Thanks to Van I began playing again, and I still think of him every time I *don't* run.

Van, of course, is an enthusiast in everything he does. He likes art, and paints himself. He loves traveling, too, and on one of his first trips to England he acquired another addiction—tea. He could, I think, drink a gallon at a sitting.

There are many good tennis players around Hollywood. Jose Ferrer told me he gets up early every day to play a couple of sets before going to the studio.

Kirk Douglas, Ray Stark (Mason's agent), and Cy Howard (Gloria Grahame's husband) are all strong players. Once or twice James asked me to play with them. I was thrilled, but terrified. I was nowhere near their standard, but everyone was kind and no one slaughtered me though Kirk came near to it once. The power of a ball he hit, as it passed within an inch of me, all but knocked me flat, but I believed him when he went down on his knees and said, "Honest, I didn't aim at you!"

One day when we were in the middle of a set, Pam appeared with a slight dark man dressed in black slacks and a black linen shirt. I had no idea who he was but later, at tea, I swapped notes with him on France. Portland joined us and the name Yasmin was mentioned, but still the penny failed to drop. After he left I casually asked Pam who he was, and was amazed to learn I had been talking to Aly Khan!

Bogey Stayed Home

Another keen tennis player is Charles Lederer, author of the musical success, *Kismet*. Last fall a well-known tennis coach claimed jokingly that he could beat Lederer even though tied to an animal, and Lederer promptly challenged him to a match. The coach rashly went on to say any animal. He was, however, rather taken aback when Lederer arrived on the court leading a full-grown elephant. The game did not get very far.

As well as the guests for Sunday tennis, many fascinating people came to the Masons' weekly dinner parties. One night Joe DiMaggio arrived. He was extremely pleasant and extremely shy. He did not mention his ex-wife Marilyn Monroe, from whom he had separated about six weeks before, but talked, not surprisingly, about baseball. Linda Christian, who is a close friend of Pam's, was always expensively dressed but, publicity to the contrary, she wore only the simplest jewelry.

Other dinner guests included Zsa Zsa Gabor whose daughter, Francescha Hilton, is a great friend of Porty's. June Havoc, who acted in *Lady Possessed* with James, often came. Our frequent shop talk about Stratford must have impressed her, for she visited Canada this year to see the festival for herself.

I met Lauren Bacall, who came in the evenings and to play tennis, too. She always wears beautifully cut, casual



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clothes. In fact the standard dress for daytime callers was always casual—torcador pants and Saks shirts which looked simple and probably cost forty dollars. Lauren, whom her friends call Betty, is a hearty, hail-fellow-well-met sort of person, with a great loud laugh and a wonderful sense of humor. She is intensely proud of her two children, and if she's carried away by a conversation or anecdote she will slap you enthusiastically on the knee or shoulder. I liked her enormously. While I was there her husband, Humphrey Bogart, was making a film, and, therefore, would not go out during the week. Week ends he sailed.

Of the regular visitors to the house the Van Hellins are among the Masons' closest friends. Van and his attractive red-haired wife, Frances, with their three children, are just off to New York where Van is appearing on Broadway in the new Arthur Miller play. Cathy Hellin, just a few years older than Porty, is one of her best friends.

In Hollywood the unexpected is always present. The very first day I was here I ran into Joan Greenwood, with whom I had acted in London in 1939, in a supermarket. In dark glasses, black slacks and sweater she had strolled down from the Beverly Hills Hotel to buy some fruit for a snack in her room.

The Couch that Soothes

Hollywood is full of intense excitement, of baffling and baffled people. There are the steady top liners who stay there through work, and more work. There are the go-getters, willing to sacrifice themselves, their happiness and everyone else's. There are the dreamers, the drinkers, the weary and the embittered—at the top as well as the bottom—clutching their poor hearts between spasms with their psychiatrists.

In Hollywood it is as normal to have a psychiatrist as it is to have your own dentist, and it is by no means the prerogative of the creative artist or the middle-aged neurotic. Many an office typist, aged eighteen, has been going to one regularly four times a week, for the past three years.

If it is a battle to reach the heights, it is even tougher to stay there. An actor like James Mason, for example, wins success in a certain type of role, in his case (and I quote him) "gloomy bastards." So any heavy, disagreeable part that comes along, "Ah," say all the producers and directors, "James Mason." James has just finished a delightful comedy role, which he chose for himself, as Lucille Ball's guardian angel. When he picked this and turned down such films as War and Peace, everyone thought he was mad.

A lot has been written about the Masons. Well, I would like to start off with their cats. Before I arrived I had imagined the house would be overrun with cats. There are, in fact, ten at the minute. While Pam and James are devoted to them all, they treat them with the affectionate care due to cats; they are neither sentimental nor precious about them. The one dog in the family, a German shepherd called Lady, manages to hold her own pretty well in this feline world.

Pam, Porty, and James are a lot alike, yet very individual. All three are warm and sensitive, and very aware of other people. They enjoy life. They get angry about things: James can be



Why your child needs your help when pimples strike

by **MARCELLA HOLMES**
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

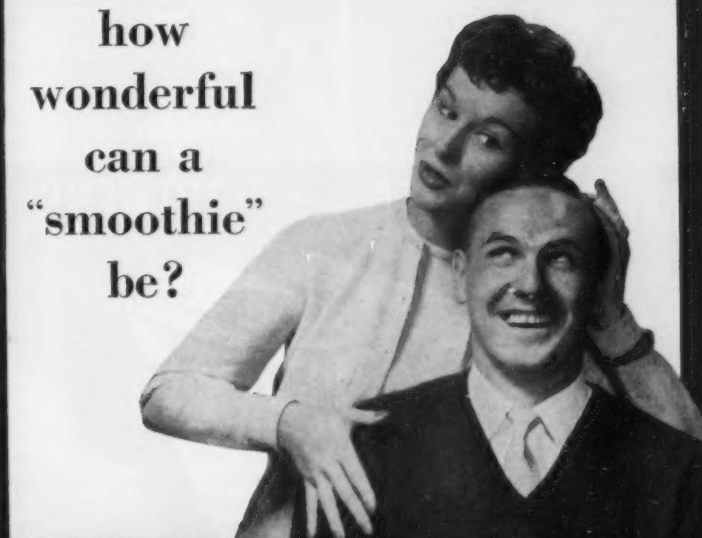
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highly indignant about cruelty to an animal, at a bad theatrical production, at an incompetent actor chosen for a role over other far better players. They feel strongly about things, and they laugh a great deal about practically everything. Last June, just before I returned to Canada, the Masons' son, Alexander Morgan, was born.

Before the Stratford season started last year I was somewhat apprehensive about James. There were stories that he was difficult, moody, sombre, egotistical.

At the first rehearsal, as I bent over my prompt script, a small paper bag suddenly plopped into my lap. On investigation I found it contained liquorice all-sorts. I looked up, into James' eyes. I am a grown woman and have been married ten years, but at that moment I could have swooned with the rest of the bobbysoxers. As I got to know James better I realized that you do not admire him for his beautiful brown eyes alone.

He also happens to be a friendly man, who thinks and feels and acts like an ordinary human being. A man, in fact, who likes to suck liquorice while studying Oedipus Rex. He likes to fix the screen door when it's broken, to re-hang the pictures, to mend his daughter's tricycle, to spend the whole afternoon planting rosebushes and lavender, or painting the garden chairs. He likes music, particularly jazz, and has a wonderful collection of records. He whistles a lot about the house, sometimes Bach, sometimes the latest hit.

One of his favorite artists is the Canadian-born pianist, Oscar Peterson. One evening James was terribly pleased because Peterson had agreed to come for dinner. He had no intention of making his guest pay for his supper by playing, but to his delight Oscar volunteered and spent an hour beating out his subtle, soft rhythms.

James reads a lot, but slowly, and often has several books going at the same time. He reads Edgar Allan Poe, Salinger, Ambrose Bierce, Graham Greene, Dylan Thomas. He also reads the New Yorker and Punch and, aloud to Portland every night, Hans Christian Andersen and Grimms' Fairy Tales. Often I sat on the stairs outside Porty's room and listened too. I thought, not many people can boast they have had James Mason read them a bedtime story.

He likes food that is different, and is always willing to try anything new. One morning he offered me what looked like a rather thick brown bread sandwich, with twigs sticking out on all sides. "It's a grasshopper sandwich," he announced proudly. I ate it. Tinned grasshopper from Japan proved delicious.

He loves sweet things—chocolate and the Mexican fruit, *chirimoya*, for which

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Pam is constantly searching the markets. Most of the time, the Masons prefer rather simple English food. Plenty of roast beef, but not Yorkshire pudding, the occasional hamburger, hot dogs for Porty's parties. Sometimes they have crab or lobster, which they like very much, sent in ready-cooked and steaming from a restaurant. James likes to cook and often presides over spareribs or steaks at the outdoor barbecue he brought back with him from Stratford.

He likes to swim and play tennis, and loves to drive his small, open, cream-colored Alvis car everywhere very fast. Pam, on the other hand, drives an elegant white Cadillac, and does not like exercise. She told me she hates to put her face under water, and that she once decided to take up tennis, but after twenty minutes she was so exhausted that she had to lie down for an hour. But she is vastly stimulating. She says not only what she thinks, but also what she means. I have heard Pam described as a sparkling black diamond, and James as a beautiful bemused bear. I would go along with both these descriptions, and add one of my own for Portland—a beautiful, sparkling, blond baby bear.

Pink Trees for Christmas

Portland has a scrapbook of press cuttings of her own which is nearly as large as those belonging to her parents, but she does not have her own psychiatrist or a mink coat, as some newspaper reported. Her intelligence is well above average. She has the strongest sense of humor I have ever encountered in a little girl six years old. She loves to dance, to draw and to paint. James is an accomplished artist, and he and Porty spend long hours working side by side, often on the same canvas.

Porty loves to dress up, and to act. Of course, right now she wants to be an actress. Her parents intend to leave her free to be whatever she herself wants. Like most normal children she hates having to go to bed, she is often disobedient, she is sometimes very rough, and she usually shows off in front of strangers. One of her favorite films is *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. After seeing her father's death scene in this she said to me, "No other daddy could do it so well, could they? Daddy knows all the right faces to pull. But I do hate these directors who always make him die. Why don't they let him live happily ever after just once?"

Just before Christmas last year the Masons made a fifteen-minute color film for TV, which was shown on the Ed Sullivan show. It will be shown on TV and in theatres again this year. It was the story of the Nativity, adapted by Pam and James, produced and directed by James, and called *The Star of Bethlehem*. Portland played the Virgin Mary, and the rest of the cast were also children, with the exception

of Pam, who spoke the narration, and James who appeared briefly in one scene.

It's hard to say exactly what my official job was on this film. I spent most of the day shadowing James. I was fascinated to watch him at work as a director. He was infinitely patient and sensitive to everyone around him, clear and helpful in all his directions to the children and the technicians.

Climatically California defies Christmas, but its inhabitants just won't permit this. Every other house has

a bigger-than-life Santa Claus on its roof, ready to pop down the chimney. There must be snow, of course. People carefully, and rather touchingly, pile their window ledges with cotton wool—as the sun blazes down at eighty degrees.

Christmas giving is completely commercialized. Everyone gives everyone presents—lounging pyjamas, cashmere sweaters, elegant baskets of fruit and wine, some as big as a table—to friends, relatives, barbers, dental nurses, sales-

girls, studio employees and co-workers. Last year Pam gave away boxes of stuffed figs, ballet tutus and toy telephones for the children; James bought records and books for his own gift list. We had a pink tree (pale pink or pale blue gives the old-fashioned evergreen strong competition) and the presents kept piling higher and higher at its foot. We had cleared the centre of the living room, and jokingly I said to Pam, "All we need now is a parcel big enough to fill that space!" The next afternoon,

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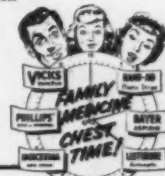
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while she was out, a huge parcel arrived, needing two men to carry it. I had them put it in the space, which it just about filled, and triumphantly led Pam to it when she returned. She was horrified. It turned out to be a Ping-pong table.

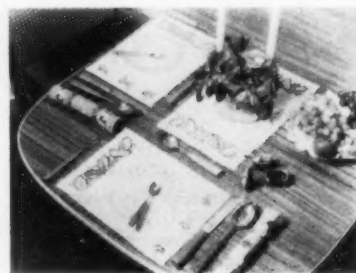
Christmas started for me when I went with Porty and James to a party for about two hundred children given by Walt Disney at the Disney Studio. We arrived just in time to see Santa Claus himself, surrounded by half a dozen glamorous attendants in white satin and false eyelashes, arrive in a carriage drawn by six little black ponies. Hollywood!

In the studio theatre we saw a Dragnet film and as it finished Jack Webb and Ben Alexander walked out from behind the screen. There was a two-foot-high Donald Duck who just happened to have along with him the man who speaks his lines; a brilliant ventriloquist, *Senor Wences*; Esmeralda, the performing seal from *Twenty Thousand Leagues*. And finally Captain Jet of TV, who made a spectacular jet-propelled entrance down the aisle.

On the way home, all of us were filled with the Christmas spirit. Porty was sitting in the back of the car singing *Come All Ye Faithful*. We passed a boy by the side of the road selling violets. James stopped, and we bought huge bunches of them, their purple velvet petals still wet with the dew. But after three months I was prepared to accept the incongruity.

I said good-by to Hollywood last July, and after a few weeks in Vancouver and Stratford, I am homeward bound for England which I have not seen for three and a half years. I shall spend this Christmas at home, but I shall never forget that gay and gilded and bizarre Christmas in Hollywood or my privileged year in that fairytale city. +

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FOR *Chatelaine's* YOUNG PARENTS

how
does
your
baby
grow?



Just when should a normal baby sit, walk, talk? Read this common-sense guide to your young baby's development—it could save you months of useless worry

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

IS HE all right? Is he normal? Those are the tremendously important questions you want to ask your doctor as soon as your baby is born. Of course most babies are perfect, but it's a great relief to hear that yours is for sure.

Once you have got your baby settled at home you are always on the lookout for signs of his developing intelligence—his first smile, his first word, the first day he stands up and so on.

Dr. Arnold Gesell and his associates at Yale University have done more work on the development of babies than anyone else in the world. In 1930 they published the results of their studies on 10,000 babies and they have examined and reported on thousands more since. Large numbers of the babies have come back for later tests as children. These scientists have worked out tables and charts showing the average time at which babies roll over, sit alone, walk and do many other things.

However, practically no individual baby ever fits the average exactly. It is also important to remember that there are tremendous variations within the normal limits, so don't be especially elated if your baby is ahead or worried if he is behind in reaching these various landmarks. The fact that he walks and talks early certainly doesn't mean that he is going to be brilliant. On the other hand, slowness in developing some of these skills doesn't mean that his intellectual ability will be inferior. He may turn out to be very bright.

It is well to remember, too, that premature babies start off with a handicap of one or two months, as the case may be, and so you would expect them to be behind the average for the first two years or so.

When your baby is born his brain and

his nerves have reached only a certain degree of development. As he becomes older, his nervous system, as well as the rest of him, grows and develops. Soon he begins to hold up his head, first momentarily and later steadily, then he begins to control the movement of his hands, later he can hold his back erect and finally he can support his weight on his legs and move them. As you can see, the nerve development spreads from his head down to his feet.

When his nervous system is ready, you can help him learn various skills, but no amount of practice before he is ready will make him acquire them earlier. However, if he doesn't have encouragement he will certainly be slow in learning some of them. This delay has often been seen in babies who have been kept in institutions for long periods, where there weren't enough nurses to give them all the individual attention they should have had; that is one of the reasons why foster homes or adoption are so much better for a baby. When these institutionalized babies are placed in homes they usually catch up quickly. This happens too when a baby's development has been delayed by frequent or prolonged illnesses.

Each baby is different and it's a pity to compare him with your other children or your neighbors', both because it causes you a lot of unnecessary worry and because it may stimulate you to urge him to do things for which he is not developmentally ready. This is discouraging and frustrating for both of you. It would be far simpler, though much less interesting, if babies were standardized articles that could learn this and that skill at specific ages.

They certainly aren't and the best you can do is to keep your eyes open for



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—when caused or aggravated by irregularity.



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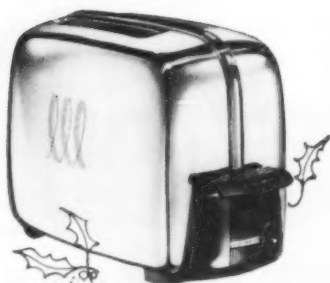
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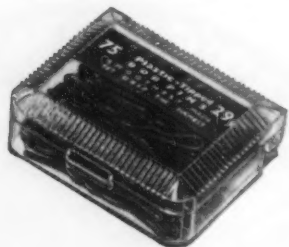
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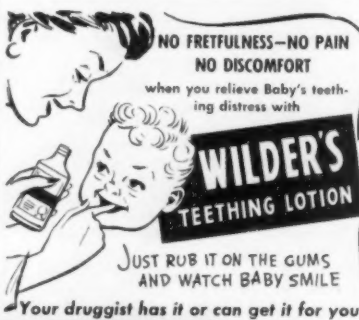


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signs of their readiness to learn at slightly before the average age for each developing skill and then provide the appropriate encouragement.

A full-term, new-born baby can smell and taste and certainly knows how to suck, although he becomes even more proficient at that as he grows older, so that he swallows less air during the process. Most of them can hear, but in some this sense does not appear for a few days. He is frightened by loud sounds, which cause him to raise his arms up as if to grasp something above him. This is known as the startle or Moro reflex. He does the same thing when he is moved quickly because he is afraid of being dropped and so he should always be held firmly and moved gently.

He probably can recognize the difference between light and darkness at first and a bright light usually frightens him. When he is three or four weeks old he often becomes quiet, provided he isn't crying, when you talk to him directly and he may open and close his mouth and look at you fixedly. By six weeks he'll probably begin to smile when you smile and talk to him. A few babies will do this several weeks earlier—others don't until eight weeks or so but they are all perfectly normal.

Fingers Land in the Mouth

At first (at six to eight weeks), he only follows you with his eyes; later on (at about three months) he turns his head to watch you and when he hears steps approaching. At about this time too he begins to laugh out loud. When he is quite small, his chin often quivers and his arms and legs may tremble too, especially when he is excited or undressed. This doesn't mean a thing except that his nervous system is still immature, and it will not continue long.

You have probably noticed that little babies usually keep their hands clenched. Even at birth if you insert your finger in their fist they will hang on to it tightly. In fact some of them can hold on to two fingers so firmly that you can lift them up in that way. However, personally, I would prefer to leave such tests to the psychologists. This is another so-called primitive reflex and it too soon disappears.

At first he waves his hands and feet around at random. If his fingers happen to land in his mouth, he sucks them, but that doesn't mean at all that he is hungry. At two to three months, on the average, he will shake a rattle for a few minutes if you put one in his hand, so it's a good idea to try him with a strong, light, easily grasped rattle from two months or so on. A fair-sized ring, say two inches in diameter, is also a good investment. A month or so later he will start making clumsy efforts to get the rattle if you put it near him but he usually misjudges the distance and misses it. A little later (four months) he can pick it up when he wants it. He can also pick up little cubical blocks and you would be wise to buy him a box of bright-colored ones. Later on he'll enjoy putting them in and out of a can or giving them to you.

You'll notice that at first he picks things up in the palm of his hand. It isn't until he is about nine months old that he begins to use his thumb and finger for grasping small objects such as a piece of string, and just about then, too, he learns to let things go. This is an exciting new accomplishment for him

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and, as with all such, he enjoys practicing it. It helps, at this stage, to remember that he drops things overboard because he is pleased with this new skill of his and not to make a monkey of you.

At three months he is definitely interested in what is going on around him and about two months later you can start propping him up when he is awake so that he can see better. At first he'll probably get tired after a quarter of an hour of this and cry, but it won't hurt his back—in fact it will help to strengthen it. Gradually he'll be happy to sit propped up longer and longer and by six months he'll be able to sit up alone if he supports himself with his hands. At this age too he will raise his head and hold out his hands for you to pull him up into the sitting position and this exercise also helps to develop his muscles. A month later he can sit alone but he is likely to topple over. By nine months he is perfectly steady.

Many babies crawl, that is pull themselves around with their hands, dragging their legs behind them, and then creep on their hands and knees or even their hands and feet like a bear. Others skip this entirely and after learning how to stand (eight to nine months) they learn how to walk, first with support and later without. The age at which your child learns to walk by himself is of no consequence. Early walking runs in some families; late walking in others. Some youngsters seem to be naturally cautious and don't like spills and they may demand a hand for support for months; others get around so well by creeping or by some other mode of locomotion that they don't try to walk. However, when your youngster does start walking he should have shoes with reasonably rough soles so that he won't skid. Illnesses or overweight may delay walking, but, of course, you will be aware of this as you all realize the importance of having your baby regularly checked by your doctor or clinic.

It's fun when your baby begins to gurgle and then phonate, or make sounds, which he usually does in his third month. You should talk to him using single words and simple sentences right from the first and it's best to avoid baby talk. By nine months you can start showing him simple pictures and the hard "board" books are best, with only one common object on each page. When you are dressing or changing him point out his hands, feet, socks and so on to him. He'll probably say two or three words with meaning by one year but he'll know a lot more that he can't say. When he is concentrating on learning to walk, he'll probably not improve much in his speech, but once he has mastered the former, he'll improve in his talking. He'll enjoy nursery rhymes toward the end of his first year and may even try to sway in rhythm at the appropriate spots. He'll enjoy music at an early age, particularly nursery songs accompanied by action on your part.

When he wants to help hold his bottle or cup, which may be as early as six months, let him. In fact some inde-

pendent babies are much annoyed if you don't. When he wants to hold his spoon, he certainly should be encouraged to do so. Of course he'll take considerable time learning to hold it upright and there will be plenty of spilling, which you should be prepared for but don't laugh at his accidents—he might repeat them just to amuse you. If you give him a chance, he will probably be able to feed himself almost completely by fifteen to eighteen months.

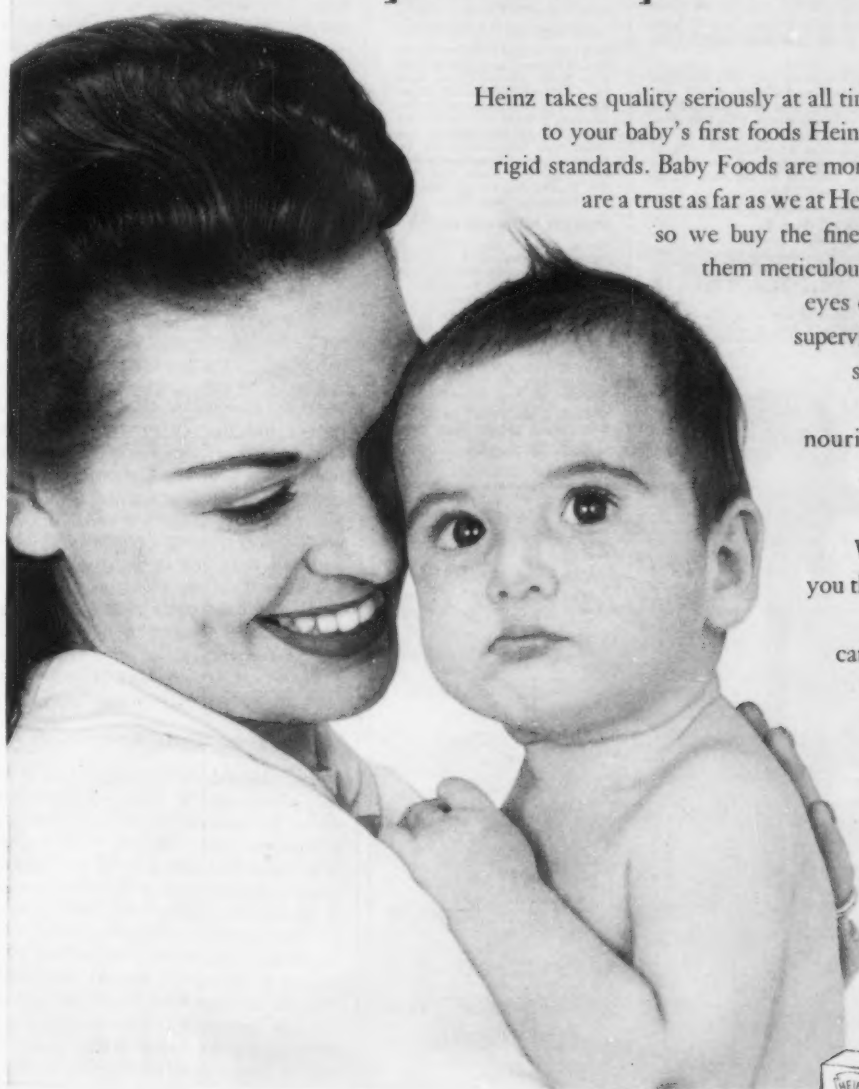
At one year he'll hold out his arm for

his sleeve and his foot for his sock. A few months later he can take off his shoes and a little later he can remove his socks and mitts, sometimes when you wish he wouldn't! By two years, if you have given him plenty of opportunity to learn and if his clothes are easy to manage, he should be able to put on his socks, shoes, sweater and pants and by three years he can dress and undress himself completely, with a little help with the buttons and advice about back and front and the right foot for the

shoes. By two years he can have learned to wash and dry his hands.

Whenever he shows you by his actions that he wants to do anything for himself, help him to learn how because he enjoys each new accomplishment. It makes him feel more important and develops his independence and initiative. Praise him for his efforts, even though they leave much to be desired. He'll be slow and untidy at first but your planning, effort and patience will be well rewarded. +

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HERE ARE THE 18 TOP HITS:

The Yellow Rose of Texas, Seventeen, I'll Never Stop Loving You, Tina Marie, Longest Walk, Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, Autumn Leaves, Moments To Remember, I Want You To Be My Baby, You Are My Sunshine, Do-mani, The Bible Tells Me So, The Kentucky Song, Razzle Dazzle, Wake The Town And Tell The People, Maybelline, Song Of The Dreamer, Gum Drop.

HERE ARE THE 18 WESTERN HITS:

Cattle Call, If You Were Me, Take Possession, Just Call Me Lonesome, That Do Make It Nice, All Right, I Forgot To Remember To Forget, When I Stop Dreaming, Cryin' Prettie' Waitin' Hop-in', There's Poison In Your Heart, Baby Let's Play House, Blue Darlin', Yonder Comes A Sucker, I'm Hurtin' Inside, Daddy You Know What?, So Lovely Baby, I Thought Of You, Beautiful Lies.

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WHY HUSBANDS AND WIVES NAG

Continued from page 17

submissive-wife relationship was widely accepted. This didn't mean that the wife was bullied or oppressed by any means. She got what she wanted through submission in much the same way the little child mentioned above achieved his goal. Remember Vinnie in Clarence Day's wonderful stories about Life With Father? Vinnie got what she wanted and Father was secure in the happy illusion that he was running things.

But today that Life With Father pattern is no longer acceptable. Men and women, particularly women, think of themselves as equal partners in marriage today. Obviously this calls for some skillful handling at the various points of contact in their relationship, points of contact where there is bound to be a measure of dominance on one side and submission on the other.

They could decide that the husband will dominate on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; the wife will dominate on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays with Sunday a free-for-all. Or they could agree that the husband will dominate in certain fields such as the handling of the family's finances while the wife will dominate in the handling of the children. In other words they must assign spheres of influence to each other if this modern concept of partnership in marriage is going to work.

It may be that the process of sketching it out here makes all this sound very formal, like the settlement of a border dispute between two Balkan states. In reality this process of compromise is a good deal less deliberate and must take place in an atmosphere of faith and intelligence. I speak frequently of faith and understanding in marriage because I believe it is important. So is intelligence. When I get a couple before me with a sick marriage, I am never hopeful for its recovery if the people involved have not got an intelligent approach to their problem.

Naggers Want You Angry

But where the adjustment is made (it isn't always easy to make but it's worth while because it is being done to strengthen and preserve that most precious of all social groups, the family) you find a man and a woman both secure in their own satisfactions, both secure in their own status. Status is tremendously important in a marriage just as it is in the world outside the home. Outside a man can win this status through sheer skill as a doctor or a truck driver. In the home status rests on subtler guarantees, guarantees held by the person you are married to. When those guarantees are withheld, and when a man or a woman begins to fear for their status within the home, nagging usually begins.

It's not surprising that nagging has been with us as long as men and women have been married because nagging does achieve a dubious short-term advantage. The person who is being nagged frequently loses his or her temper and once you have lost your temper you have been dominated by the one who made you do it. Obviously this is a spurious advantage but it does regain momen-



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tarly for the nagger the feeling of having regained status, even though it isn't much good to them in that tense and bitter setting.

You have probably seen it happen. A man finds there is no ginger ale in the icebox on a hot Saturday night. "What goes on around here?" he demands. "If I ran my office the way this house is run..." Finish this sentence in not more than twenty-five words. A woman learns that there has been a promotion in her husband's business and he had been passed by. "No wonder the Blodgetts can go to Florida every winter. He makes an effort to meet the right people. You never see any one more important than those characters who were in your battery overseas."

Both of these sharp-tongued people are trying to dominate in an area where they should be submissive and secure. Both of them are driven to nagging by a fear of their status within the family. The man is getting revenge for some past hurt by attempting to dominate his wife in one of those areas where she must expect to find her satisfactions, the fuel for her ego, if you like. He is telling her she is a rotten housekeeper. She in turn is attempting to override him by foolishly telling him that he is no good at his job. They have each, in some way or another, made the other feel inferior.

You would be surprised, perhaps, to know how often married couples say to me that the other "never says anything nice to me any more." These terms dominant and submissive may sound too hard-boiled on one hand and too flaccid on the other, but they don't look that way when applied to married life. When a man says, "Say, that was a dandy meal tonight. What do you do to that salad dressing to make it taste like that?" he is being submissive. He is recognizing the status of his wife as a homemaker. When she says, "I'm not surprised they should let you have the extra week end on your holidays after all the good work you've done for them down there this past year," she is acknowledging his dominance in the field where he must look for some of his satisfactions.

So, in this way two people can create a well-integrated pattern wherein they share the dominant and submissive roles. Sometimes it is necessary to alternate within the same area, as in the matter of friends. The pattern

is not a rigid or a fearsome thing.

Suppose she wants to have the Joneses over for the evening. He can say, "Look, I can't stand those idiots. I've had a hard day at the office coping with all kinds of people. In my own home I'll choose the ones I see. If the Joneses come in, I go out." Or he can say, "You know how I feel about the Joneses, but if you really think we should have them, let's ask them over."

Battles at the Bridge Table

When the time comes when he wants to entertain the Smiths, who are a couple of his wife's lesser enthusiasms, this is her cue to make the same kind of concession and permit him to adopt the dominant position in this important matter of guests.

Since we're talking about people, real men and women, in these articles no one is going to suggest that husbands and wives are never going to be critical of each other and are never going to argue. But no man or woman who is truly wise in the ways of their marriage will ever say the words which strongly assail the status of the other.

Even if the criticism happens to be a home truth, and particularly if it is,

it should be left unsaid. If a man's status in his job is a bit shaky he should never be taken to task for the way he is running his business life. If a woman is a bad bridge player her husband should never make an issue of it even as a joke. I don't know why it should be, but the modest dimensions of a bridge table stake out a modern battlefield on which are left some real casualties in the shape of badly bruised egos. This may sound trivial but I have known cases where remarks intended as jests have rankled and stung for years. When these things are said in front of other people the damage is all the greater.

One of the chief causes of nagging is that prevalent situation where two people have been married for a while and have run out of things to say to each other. I want to talk about this at greater length in a later article but it has an application here. This poverty of common interest can drive a couple apart and once that happens the one who feels neglected is going to become jealous.

When a woman begins to feel that her husband prefers the company of other men to hers she often begins to nag. The nagging, of course, drives him to seek

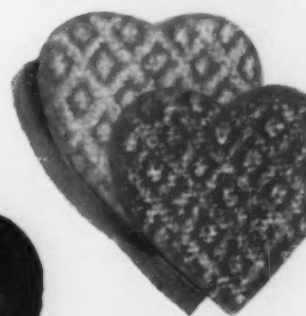
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more companionship outside the home. It is my observation that this kind of jealousy is deeper and more dangerous than sexual jealousy involving another woman.

Once nagging begins, and it has a vicious momentum all its own, how can it be stopped?

Here is what I do, for a start, with couples who come to me with this problem. I ask each of them to get a notebook.

"When you are nagged don't nag back—just make a mark in the notebook and then come to me with your books in a week and we'll check them," I tell them.

You can imagine what happens when they return at the end of the week. I ask to see the books and they both look sheepish. They admit that the first time the books were produced they both started to laugh at the absurdity of it all.

"All right," I tell them. "That is a start but remember you are not cured of nagging."

But they know now that nagging is always a crossfire of vituperation and neither sex is more to blame than the other. If one or the other, in a case like this, were suddenly to stop the likely effect on the other would be to ask, "What do they want now?" By approaching the problem together the possibility of this fairly natural suspicion is removed. They are in a position to reassess their marriage and their attitudes to it and each other.

They must learn to be proud of each other again. They must learn to protect and ensure each other's pride in themselves. This business of dominance and submission I have talked about represents only the machinery of this social apparatus. Where a couple have faith and understanding the gears will never be seen, much less heard, as they grow in skill and happiness as man and wife. +

This is the second in a series of articles by Dr. Blatz. The next will appear in an early issue.

Deadline: November 30, 1955

CASH PRIZES

for 50 favorite family recipes

ONCE AGAIN Chatelaine offers cash prizes for the top Fifty Favorite Recipes sent in by readers.

This year the Fifty Favorite winners will appear in the March issue. The deadline for submitting recipes is November 30, 1955.

Five prizes of \$25 will go to the winners in each of the five categories. Five dollars will be awarded for every one of the other Fifty Favorite recipes chosen. You may enter more than one class, but you can win only one prize. Here are the categories:

- Bread (yeast breads and quick breads)
- Cakes and Cookies
- Desserts
- Meats and Fish
- Supper Dishes

Please write, print or type your entry on one page (a separate page for each recipe submitted), giving exact measurements, specifying the type of ingredient (e.g. pastry or all-purpose flour; granulated, powdered, brown sugar; cut of meat; kind of fish, etc.) and giving clear directions including time and temperature of cooking and the yield.

At the top left corner of the page, state the classification of your recipe (Bread, Cake, etc.) and at the bottom right corner print clearly your name and address.

Any recipes submitted may be used or published by Chatelaine in any manner. Since none can be returned, be sure you don't send us the only copy of that Family Favorite.

Send your entries to: *Favorite Family Recipes*
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Entries must be postmarked not later than November 30, 1955.

SHARPEN YOUR SHOPPING!

LOUISE MARTIN
Home Planner



Let's talk about Interior Decorating. And what does Interior Decorating have to do with "sharp shopping"? Just this: in Interior Decorating—whether you're hiring a decorator or doing it yourself—everything should be decided with pencil, crayon and sample swatches before you make one purchase. If you plan beforehand, your shopping will really be sharp for the materials you need.

One money-saving rule is: go slowly. If you're decorating a new home, don't rush right out and buy new furniture. You have to live in a home to get the "feel" of it. A little replacement, such as moving one article into another room, might change the entire atmosphere.



Or take colour. Did you know that every colour and any colour can be made to suit any style of house or choice of furnishing? The things to watch are tones and shades. Decide whether you want cold (blue-toned) or warm (yellow-toned) colours in a given room, and just make sure that you do not mix warm and cold colour tones.

Which leads us to a most important colour area—floors. The trend is definitely to linoleum throughout the house, because of its practicality and because of the beauty and decorative value of its colours—soft woodsy browns, subtle pastels, glorious reds, basic blacks and greys.

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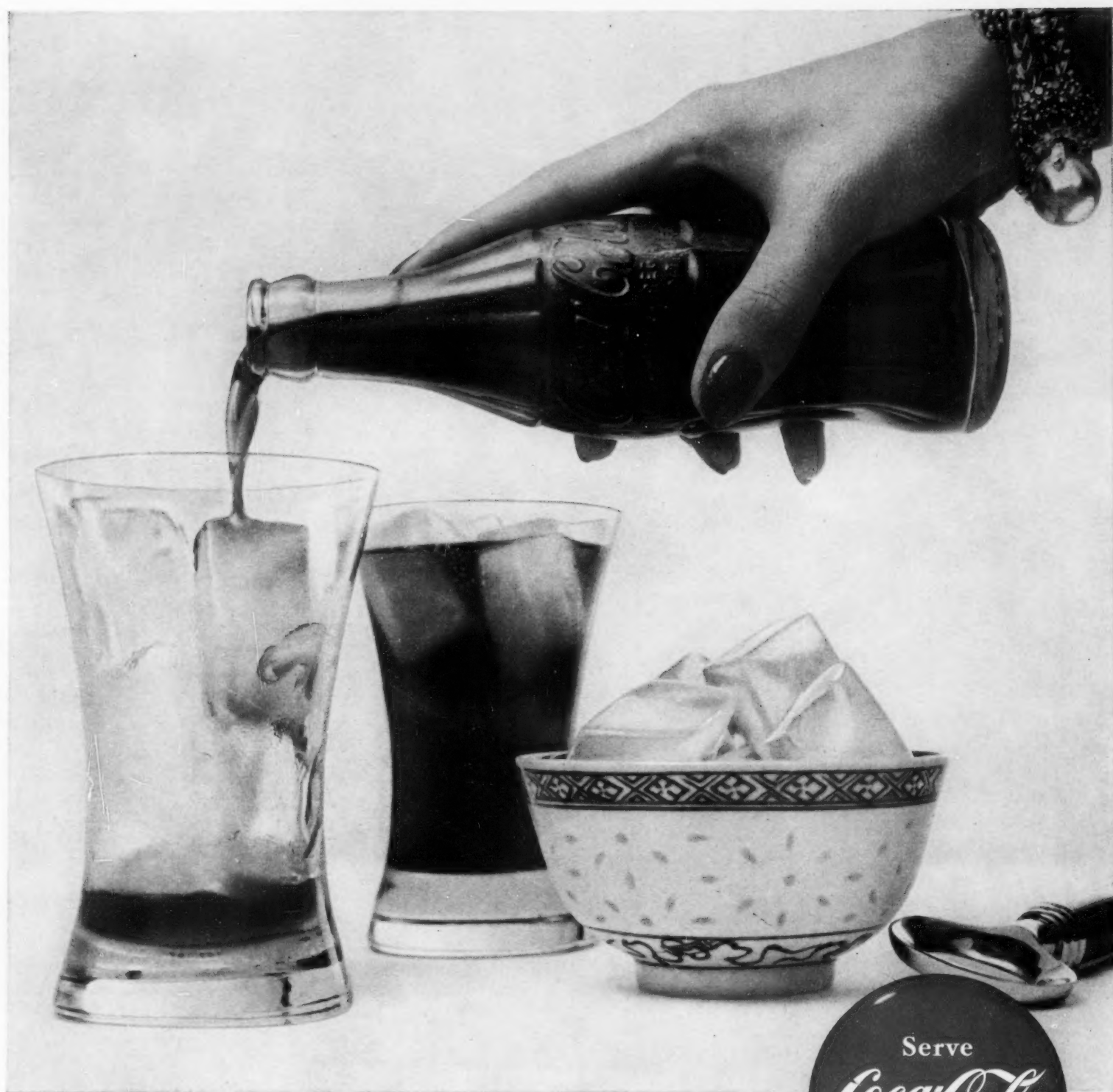
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December

1955

JANUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
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Christmas Day